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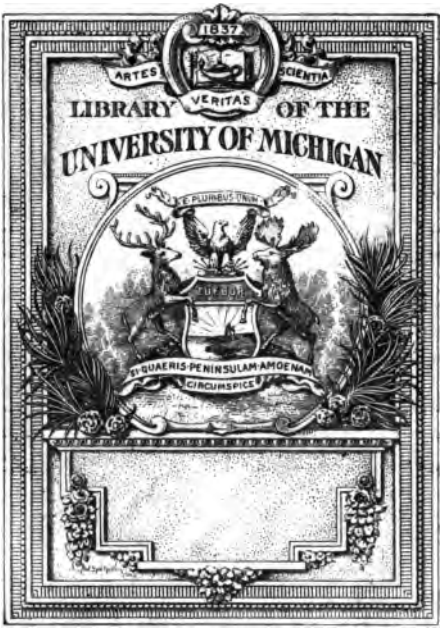

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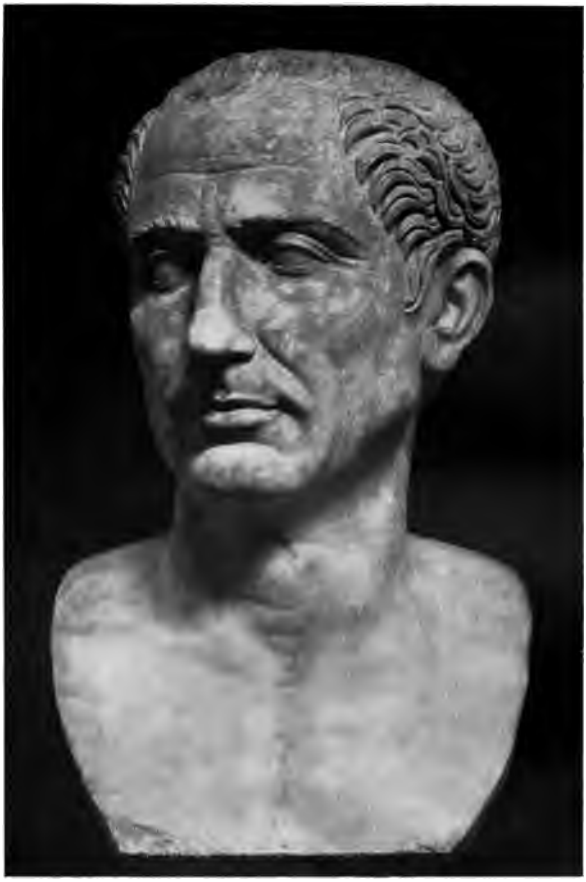

JULIUS CÆSAR

(From the bust in the Naples Museum)

Longmans' English Classics

SHAKSPERE'S

JULIUS CÆSAR

EDITED

WITH NOTES AND AN INTRODUCTION

BY

GEORGE C. D. ODELL, PH.D.

INSTRUCTOR IN ENGLISH, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

NEW YORK
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PREFACE

THE text of this edition of "Julius Cæsar" is founded on that of the Cambridge Shakspere; the very few changes that occur have been made only after due consideration, and are hardly important enough to warrant mention. Those familiar with the various editions of the play will recognise the indebtedness of the present editor for many of the notes that accompany the text,—an indebtedness herewith acknowledged once and for all.

The aim of this edition, as is stated elsewhere, is to help the young student in his first serious reading of a Shaksperian drama. For this student the introduction and the notes were prepared, and for his sake much information was included that a riper scholarship would find unnecessary and even tedious. The editor has succeeded in his task just so far as he has been able to put himself in the place of an instructor trying to interest the average class of young people in the study of one of Shakspere's best known and best liked plays.

G. C. D. O.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, *May* 26, 1900.

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CONTENTS

	PAGE.
INTRODUCTION:	
I. Life	ix
II. Publication and Date of "Julius Cæsar"	xvi
III. Source of the Plot	xviii
IV. The Play	xxi
V. Shakspere's Language	xxvii
Shaksperian Grammar	xxix
Shaksperian Diction	xxxviii
Shakspere's Style	xli
VI. Metre	xlv
SUGGESTIONS FOR TEACHERS	xlviii
CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE	liv
JULIUS CÆSAR	1
NOTES	89
INDEX TO NOTES	155

INTRODUCTION

I. LIFE

SHAKSPERE was born at Stratford-on-Avon, in 1564—it is generally supposed, on the 23d of April. He was the eldest son of John Shakspere, a man of good yeoman stock, who moved from Snitterfield to Stratford somewhere about 1551, and started in business as a glover, according to one story; as a butcher, according to another; and as a produce merchant—a dealer in corn, malt, wool, meat, skins—according to a third. All accounts agree that this business, whatever its nature, was prosperous; furthermore, John Shakspere's marriage to Mary, daughter of Robert Arden, a rich farmer of Wilmcote, added materially to his fortunes, for Robert Arden, on his death in 1556, left this daughter Mary not only a legacy in money, but the fee-simple of Asbies, his chief property in Wilmcote, in addition to an interest he had previously given her in some Snitterfield property. It is probable, therefore, that at first the parents of the poet could well afford to maintain him at the Stratford grammar school, and here he must have acquired the "small Latin and less Greek" Ben Jonson credits him with knowing; bits of Latin found in his plays come largely from textbooks used by schoolboys of that time. The French and the Italian scattered through his work may have been learned in later life. Ordinarily a boy's training at this school would have continued from his seventh to his four-

teenth year; but it is assumed that Shakspere left in his thirteenth year, to prop the falling fortunes of his family.

Before this, John Shakspere had risen to a position of considerable influence in the town. In 1561, he was one of the two chamberlains of Stratford; in 1565, alderman; and finally, in 1568, high bailiff; from 1567 the corporation archives give him the honourable prefix "Mr." In 1575, he bought two houses in Stratford, one of them doubtless the alleged birthplace of the poet in Henley Street. But in 1578 he was unable to pay various corporation taxes. On November 14 of that year he was forced to mortgage Asbies for £40, and a year later to dispose of his wife's property at Snitterfield. Things went from bad to worse. In 1585 and 1586, a creditor found that John Shakspere had no goods on which distraint could be levied; finally, on September 6, 1586, the elder Shakspere was deprived of his alderman's gown because of his long absence from the council's meetings. It is quite likely, then, that he may have removed from school his oldest son to help him in business; and this business may have narrowed down to the one branch of butchering suggested in the tradition that makes the youthful poet once to have been a slayer of cattle. "When he killed a calf," Aubrey quaintly tells us, "he would do it in a high style and make a speech."

In 1582, in spite of the distresses of his father, Shakspere married Anne Hathaway, daughter of a well-to-do yeoman of Shottery. Of this union three children were born. His wife was eight years his senior, and there are grounds for believing the marriage an uncongenial one. This fact, and the desire to help his family, probably, led Shakspere to seek his fortune in London, about 1585. Tradition, however, has always assigned, as the immediate cause of departure, a poaching expedition to the deer preserves of Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote Hall.

There is a further tradition to the effect that Shakspere's first connection with the theatre was purely external; he watched over the horses of gallants who rode to the play. Within the playhouse he was at first but a servant of the actors, a prompter or call-boy; from this humble position he became actor and afterwards shareholder in the company to which he belonged. To just what theatre he was first attached is not known; but after 1599 his fortunes were definitely and finally cast with the famous Globe Theatre. He was, after the accession of James I, one of the King's Players. His plays were frequently acted at court before both Elizabeth and James.

He began his work by adapting old plays, and these early efforts retain many of the crudities of the originals on which they were founded. But, as the years went on, Shakspere developed a style entirely his own, like—yet very unlike—what we call the Elizabethan style. It should always be remembered that Shakspere was the greatest of a great school of dramatists, and that Marlowe, Massinger, Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ford, Webster, and Chapman had gifts and graces far too distinguished to be eclipsed by any but the greatest. From "Romeo and Juliet," in the early nineties of the sixteenth century, Shakspere's fame was assured.

His fortunes also rose. The Earl of Southampton was his patron, and is said to have helped him once with the princely gift of £1,000. Moreover, his profits from the theatre were large. He is known to have bought one house in London. Nevertheless his thoughts were ever turning toward his native town. He longed most for the life of a country gentleman; to that end, he strove to reestablish the family fortunes. He bought and lived in the pretentious New Place at Stratford; and his father's success, on applying for a coat-of-arms, finally enrolled the Shaksperes among the rural gentry. To support this posi-

tion, Shakspere bought up a part interest in the tithes of Stratford; and that he was no laggard in business is further proved by suits he brought to recover money from two insolvent debtors. The father's misfortunes had made the son wary in his dealings. He offers a curious instance of strong, practical business qualities combined with the highest imaginative power. At any rate, the poor boy who came to London in 1585 or thereabouts, left London, in 1611–13, very comfortably rich, for that time, in lands and goods, with his scutcheon firmly established, and with all the honour such solid respectability commands. Shakspere died April 23, 1616, and is buried in the parish church at Stratford. His wife and two daughters survived him.

This is all that is known, and much of what is surmised, of the life of Shakspere. But some recent writers, giving a personal interpretation of his sonnets, and fixing in some cases a purely arbitrary order for the production of his plays, have built up a fabric of romance around the poet's life which makes him to have been a man of bright, good-humoured character, saddened by some great sorrow, later rendered misanthropic and distrustful of the whole world, and gradually emerging from this vortex of tragic gloom somewhere toward the end of his life. This story seems to be founded—except in so far as the sonnets are concerned—on the fact that in his young manhood Shakspere wrote stirring, manly plays like "Henry IV" and "Henry V," and rich, golden comedies like "Much Ado," "As You Like It," and "Twelfth Night"; that in his mature manhood he wrote the great tragedies "Hamlet," "Lear," "Macbeth," and "Othello," and the misanthropic "Troilus and Cressida," "Coriolanus," and "Timon of Athens"; and that in later life he wrote plays of a less plangent melancholy, especially enlivened with portraiture of lovely young girlhood—"The Winter's Tale," "Cymbeline," and "The Tempest." This theory

of his life apparently would deprive Shakspere of some of his dramatic power, and make his characters but expressions of his own state of mind; but it has strong advocates as well as strong opponents.

No account of Shakspere would be complete that did not include some discussion of the times in which he lived. The England of Elizabeth has been celebrated in song and story, and though we are likely now to exaggerate much of the charm of that by-gone "Merry England," there can be little doubt that the period was one of almost unmatched vigour and richness of experience. In the first place, the discovery of the new world was opening men's eyes to the wonders of creation lying remote from the world of Europe; and the manly English race were among the first to seek those far-off regions in the sea. It should be remembered that in Shakspere's youth less than a century had elapsed since the discoveries of Columbus, and men by repeated voyages were still adding piece by piece to the ideas that were ultimately to take shape in the conception of the New World as we know it to-day. The discovery of America was a very gradual thing indeed, and people in Shakspere's day were still quick to believe anything hardy mariners might tell them; this imaginative wonder is the very essence of Charles Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" Furthermore, the Reformation had released men's minds from spiritual thraldom as the discovery of America had awakened their imagination. It was an age of the renaissance of learning and letters to which Shakspere was born. Finally, the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588 and the downfall of England's greatest rival on the seas had aroused patriotism to the height of religious fervour; as typified in the person of the "Virgin Queen," it had all the chivalrous elements that one associates with the most virile and romantic of nations. And all these traits were seen against a back-

ground of general commercial prosperity; the nation could afford to enjoy life and to make its happiness picturesque.

This is the ideal condition of affairs for art and literature. And the Elizabethan age was the time of England's richest efflorescence in letters. The poet Spenser and the philosopher Bacon; Sir Philip Sidney and Sir Walter Raleigh—these are some of the names of that great period. But the minds of writers generally turned toward the theatre, that new opening for literature, and it is chiefly by the dramatic poets of the time that the Elizabethan age is celebrated. The greatest of these dramatists, beside Shakspere, is Christopher Marlowe, whose "Dr. Faustus," "Tamburlaine the Great," and "Edward II" are among the glories of English literature. Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Dekker, Ford, Chapman, Webster,—these men must be studied by one who wishes only a superficial knowledge of the Elizabethan drama. Against most of these authors Shakspere pitted his talents and from them he won the palm, not only in his own day, but for all time. It is a noble group of poets, distinguished, all of them, by splendid energy of style and, often, by great interest of plot; never, until the Victorian era, was England to know again so sweet an outburst of song.

Shakspere's best plays, it should be remembered, were all produced within a period of little more than twenty years. They have kept the stage until the collapse of the actor's art within the memory of people still young. The best of these plays—as plays—are those that have been most frequently acted: "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," "The Merchant of Venice," "Much Ado about Nothing," "As You Like It," "Twelfth Night," among the comedies; "Romeo and Juliet," "Julius Cæsar," "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "King Lear," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Coriolanus," among the tragedies; "King

Richard III," "King Henry IV" (part I), "King Henry V," among the histories. These plays every reader of only average range should know; there is no escape. Most of the early plays, on the other hand, are interesting simply for linguistic or other special reasons, and the other histories do not act very well. The latest plays form a group by themselves, characterised by grand poetical beauty, but by no very vital dramatic action. The most sublime poetry Shakspere ever wrote is to be found in "The Winter's Tale," "Cymbeline," and "The Tempest," and every well-read man loves them for that as well as for their portrayal of character; but no one who has seen any of them on the stage—unless it be "The Winter's Tale"—has found the spectacle altogether alluring or helpful. This large body of superlative work produced in about twenty years by Shakspere, in the midst of all his labours as actor and manager, is one of the marvels of literature.

Finally, to reckon Shakspere's greatness, one must consider the stage for which he wrote. Those who attended the productions of Shaksperian plays by Edwin Booth and Augustin Daly at the theatres they controlled, or who may see the superb performances by Sir Henry Irving's company, might imagine that Shakspere wrote his plays with special regard for the scene painter and the stage carpenter. As a matter of fact, the Elizabethan theatre was a rude structure, in its worst state, built on the lines of an inn-yard, probably with only the stage or platform roofed over. On the ground—a place corresponding to the later English pit—stood the "groundlings," a miscellaneous, rowdy herd of dirty, ill-smelling, ill-behaved people, who were the constant terror of the manager and the actors. Around the sides of the building ran balconies with boxes, which were occupied by the richer classes. There were proscenium boxes on each side of the

house. The nobles, rival playwrights, short-hand writers, and the young dandies sat or sprawled on the stage, a continual bother to the players. There was no scenery and the women's parts were assumed by boys. The stage was probably hung with some kind of tapestry or cloth, blue for a comedy, black for a tragedy; a rude sign indicated where the scene was laid. There was a raised platform at the back of the stage which served as a cave, a room, a family vault, etc. Above it, on pillars, may have been a balcony[1] which served for the walls of a besieged town, Juliet's balcony, or any such thing. The marvel is that Elizabethan auditors could obtain any illusion from such simple means; yet there are some to-day who would cheerfully go back to these methods if only actors could give something of the needed inspiration to their work. Nevertheless, one cannot help suspecting that Shakspere, the stage-manager, would have taken uncontrolled delight, as Richard Wagner did, in all the mechanical appliances of the modern stage.

Even in Elizabeth's day Puritanism was beginning to show itself, and the theatre was looked upon as loose and immoral. In consequence, the playhouses were banished to a remote and thinly populated district across the river, where they attracted both within and without a crowd of disreputable followers. The wonder is that, writing for such an audience, the dramatists kept their work to so high a standard as they did. And yet that Shakspere pleased these people is surely much in their favour.

II. Publication and Date of "Julius Cæsar"

It was not until 1623, seven years after his death, that any effort was made to publish a collected edition of Shakspere's works. Except for the poems "Venus and

[1] See Brandes, page 104.

Adonis" and "Lucrece," there is no evidence that he ever prepared for the press any of the productions of his pen. Many of the quarto editions of separate plays printed during his lifetime were pirated and set up from imperfect and (apparently) shorthand copies taken in the theatre during the performance of the plays; yet Shakspere seems to have been indifferent. Some biographers reason that the theatre was distasteful to him, and that he cared for it but as a means to establish the fortunes of his family; others maintain that he considered his poems literature, and his dramas mere business commodities. Such views overlook the art of the plays; the highest creative art can never be wholly commercial, though great artists sometimes make fortunes.

It is to two of Shakspere's fellow-actors—Heminge and Condell—that we owe the publication of the 1623 folio Shakspere; these obscure men, therefore, brought absolutely the most priceless gift to English letters. It was their aim "so to have publish'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with diverse stolne and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious impostors that exposed [*i.e.*, published] them —even those are now offered to your view cur'd and perfect of their limbes; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them." This explains the differences between the folio copy and the earlier quarto editions.

In the folio appeared twenty plays never, so far as we know, printed before; one of these was "Julius Cæsar." The text throughout the book shows plentiful lack of editing; many passages are so corrupt as to exhaust modern ingenuity to fathom and restore. "Julius Cæsar," however, has suffered less than most other plays in the volume, and though editors have fussed here and there, the text to-day stands in all essentials about as it is found in the original print.

Heminge and Condell grouped the plays, without regard to the order of their production, under the heads of Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. "Julius Cæsar" stands among the tragedies, before "Macbeth," "Hamlet," "King Lear," and "Othello," about where it belongs chronologically. Two of the most stupendous tragedies, "Coriolanus" and "Timon of Athens," precede it; after those Titanic upheavals of Shakspere's genius, "Julius Cæsar," with its note of calm melancholy and its measured verse, has the slightest suggestion of anti-climax. Fortunately, however, the plays are seldom read in that order.

From internal and external evidence it is supposed that "Julius Cæsar" was produced somewhere between 1601 and 1603. In language, it has several points of resemblance to "Hamlet," which must have been played, even if in crude, early form, before it was entered in 1602 on the Stationers' Company's Register. Brandes, from the likeness of the chief characters of the two plays in motive and action, assumes that "Julius Cæsar" was written just before "Hamlet." Brutus and Hamlet are both thrust into action from a life of contemplation: Brutus is an idealist; Hamlet, a scholar and dreamer. Both are unfit for the work they are called upon to do, and both, in the end, bungle it badly; Hamlet from procrastination and uncertainty, Brutus from mistaken judgment. The study of the idealist thrown into the world of action must have appealed to Shakspere's imagination, and those critics do not seem far afield who consider Brutus the sketch from which Hamlet was built up.

III. Source of the Plot

Though there were several earlier plays on the subject of Julius Cæsar, Shakspere seems to have used none of

them in the preparation of his tragedy. The materials for the play all lie embedded in North's translation of Plutarch, published in 1579, and based, not on the Greek original, but on Amyot's French translation. From the lives of Cæsar, Brutus, and Antony in this volume, Shakspere built up the splendid drama of political intrigue in ancient Rome. We know that he always used whatever in the sources of his plots seemed worthy of preservation, but often that was little more than a bare outline. Here, on the contrary, the student of Shakspere, on reading the North Plutarch, is almost shocked, at first, to see how many touches in the play that seemed to him peculiarly Shakesperian are adapted almost without change from the "Lives."

Can any lines seem more in the master's spirit than those noble words of Brutus:

> "Countrymen,
> My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
> I found no man but he was true to me.
> I shall have glory by this losing day
> More than Octavius and Mark Antony
> By this vile conquest shall attain unto."

Yet in his North's Plutarch Shakspere read:

"*It rejoiceth my heart that not one of my friends hath failed me at my need.* . . . For as for me, I think myself happier than they that have overcome, considering that I leave a perpetual fame of virtue and honesty, the which our enemies *the conquerors* shall never *attain unto* by force or money," etc.

So, too, the scene between Cassius and Brutus, a little before, is reproduced largely from North, Cassius' question, "What are you then determined to do?" being changed but from the second person singular of the original, and Brutus' answer being largely found in the answer in North, beginning, "I trust (I know not how) a certain

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"*cobblers*, tapsters, and such-like base *mechanical* people" was indubitably the origin of some of the wording in the first scene of the play. Who, further, that knows the quarrel scene, will not come with momentary regret upon North's "did condemn and note Lucius Pella"—so strongly have those words become conjoined in our minds as purely Shaksperian?

Many of the best touches of realism in the play are also found in the history—Cæsar's dislike of lean men, the prodigies preceding Cæsar's death, the battle on Cassius' birthday, etc. But it all lay in the mine for the prospector—three of Plutarch's "Lives," and no one to see their value but Shakspere. The result is a most interesting object lesson in the way a great mind works to bring its material into a fused and perfect unity; and ultimately our admiration becomes but the livelier when we can trace the inspiration to its source. All that makes "Julius Cæsar" so fine as a play is Shakspere's; if the history shaped the limbs, Shakspere breathed into them the breath of life.

IV. The Play

Fortunate is the boy who first makes acquaintance with Shakspere through the pages of "Julius Cæsar," or, better still, by seeing "Julius Cæsar" well acted on the stage. "As You Like It" or "King Lear" may be beyond the powers of a youthful mind, but that boy is dull indeed who cannot be moved by this great presentation of what took place "in the most high and palmy state of Rome a little ere"—and after—"the mightiest Julius fell." There is so much life in the narrative that even a reading quickens the blood; on the stage it is irresistible—no time for parley, none for delay, but all straight action from beginning to end. The excited mob, quieted by the

rule of philosophy by the which I did greatly blame and reprove Cato for killing himself, as being no lawful or godly act, touching the gods," etc.

Sometimes it is only a hint Shakspere requires. Thus North's "For it was said that Antonius spake it openly divers times that he thought that of all them that had slain Cæsar, there was none but Brutus only that was moved to do it, as thinking the act commendable of itself; but that all the other conspirators did conspire his death for some private malice or envy that they otherwise did bear against him," becomes Shakspere's justly famous

> "All the conspirators, save only he,
> Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
> He only, in a general honest thought
> And common good to all, made one of them," etc.

Of course the best instance of this in the play is the celebrated oration of Antony. So far as we know, that great piece of rhetoric grew from these words in North's Plutarch: "Afterwards, when Cæsar's body was brought into the market-place, Antonius making his funeral oration in praise of the dead, according to the ancient custom of Rome, and perceiving that his words moved the common people to compassion, he framed his eloquence to make their hearts yearn the more; and taking Cæsar's gown all bloody in his hand, he laid it open to the sight of them all, showing what a number of cuts and holes it had upon it. Therewithal the people fell presently into such a rage and mutiny . . . For some of them cried out: 'Kill the murtherers'; others plucked up forms, tables and stalls about the market place," etc.

And it is not only ideas; sometimes it is words he thus freely borrows. The latter part of the last extract gives the source of the Shaksperian "Pluck down benches. Pluck down forms, windows, anything," just as North's

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ground of general commercial prosperity; the nation could afford to enjoy life and to make its happiness picturesque.

This is the ideal condition of affairs for art and literature. And the Elizabethan age was the time of England's richest efflorescence in letters. The poet Spenser and the philosopher Bacon; Sir Philip Sidney and Sir Walter Raleigh—these are some of the names of that great period. But the minds of writers generally turned toward the theatre, that new opening for literature, and it is chiefly by the dramatic poets of the time that the Elizabethan age is celebrated. The greatest of these dramatists, beside Shakspere, is Christopher Marlowe, whose "Dr. Faustus," "Tamburlaine the Great," and "Edward II" are among the glories of English literature. Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Dekker, Ford, Chapman, Webster,—these men must be studied by one who wishes only a superficial knowledge of the Elizabethan drama. Against most of these authors Shakspere pitted his talents and from them he won the palm, not only in his own day, but for all time. It is a noble group of poets, distinguished, all of them, by splendid energy of style and, often, by great interest of plot; never, until the Victorian era, was England to know again so sweet an outburst of song.

Shakspere's best plays, it should be remembered, were all produced within a period of little more than twenty years. They have kept the stage until the collapse of the actor's art within the memory of people still young. The best of these plays—as plays—are those that have been most frequently acted: "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," "The Merchant of Venice," "Much Ado about Nothing," "As You Like It," "Twelfth Night," among the comedies; "Romeo and Juliet," "Julius Cæsar," "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "King Lear," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Coriolanus," among the tragedies; "King

Richard III," "King Henry IV" (part I), "King Henry V," among the histories. These plays every reader of only average range should know; there is no escape. Most of the early plays, on the other hand, are interesting simply for linguistic or other special reasons, and the other histories do not act very well. The latest plays form a group by themselves, characterised by grand poetical beauty, but by no very vital dramatic action. The most sublime poetry Shakspere ever wrote is to be found in "The Winter's Tale," "Cymbeline," and "The Tempest," and every well-read man loves them for that as well as for their portrayal of character; but no one who has seen any of them on the stage—unless it be "The Winter's Tale"—has found the spectacle altogether alluring or helpful. This large body of superlative work produced in about twenty years by Shakspere, in the midst of all his labours as actor and manager, is one of the marvels of literature.

Finally, to reckon Shakspere's greatness, one must consider the stage for which he wrote. Those who attended the productions of Shaksperian plays by Edwin Booth and Augustin Daly at the theatres they controlled, or who may see the superb performances by Sir Henry Irving's company, might imagine that Shakspere wrote his plays with special regard for the scene painter and the stage carpenter. As a matter of fact, the Elizabethan theatre was a rude structure, in its worst state, built on the lines of an inn-yard, probably with only the stage or platform roofed over. On the ground—a place corresponding to the later English pit—stood the "groundlings," a miscellaneous, rowdy herd of dirty, ill-smelling, ill-behaved people, who were the constant terror of the manager and the actors. Around the sides of the building ran balconies with boxes, which were occupied by the richer classes. There were proscenium boxes on each side of the

is to be congratulated who begins Shakspere with this play; he can live it in word as well as in story; the verse, like Antony, "speaks right on," and has no suggestion of the involution and the maze of some of the later, grander plays; yet who can dispute the harmony and splendour of much of the language?

Shakspere has sometimes been accused of naming this play badly, on the principle that a dramatic work should be called after its leading character, if any, and that Brutus, not Cæsar, is the protagonist of "Julius Cæsar." Hudson explains by saying that Cæsar lives on after his death, and that his spirit is strong still. Three quotations from the play might support this view. Before the assassination Brutus says,

> "We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,
> And in the spirit of men there is no blood," etc.

Again, after the murder, Mark Antony in a burst of prophecy justifies (according to Gervinus) the title of the play:

> "And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge
> . . . . . .
> Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
> Cry, 'Havoc!' and let slip the dogs of war."

This same spirit appears to Brutus before the battle of Philippi; and what says Brutus on the battle field?

> "O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
> Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
> In our own proper entrails."

Reasonable as this explanation may be, there is a better, because a simpler, one. Shakspere's work was written primarily for the stage. We can safely assume that the business of the theatre was known to him from the point of view of the manager as well as that of the playwright, and

whatever else may be said of the construction of his plays, it must be admitted that most of them will act. Now it is conceded that one of the easiest ways to get people into a theatre is to lure them there by means of a suggestive or attractive title; to-day one of the hardest tasks for both manager and dramatist is the discovery of such titles, which, besides, when found, are protected by law. The very posters on the bill-boards preach wisdom to incipient play-makers. A title must arouse curiosity or stimulate the imagination by awakening a chain of associated ideas. Shakspere has shown judgment in both kinds. "Much Ado about Nothing," "The Taming of the Shrew," "The Tempest," "A Midsummer Night's Dream" — even "Lear," "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Othello"—are excellent examples of the first kind; "King Henry IV," and all the English historical plays named for kings, "Antony and Cleopatra," and "Julius Cæsar" are excellent examples of the second kind. Every play-goer in Shakspere's time, as now, had, it is to be supposed, some ideas to awaken by the name "Julius Cæsar"; how many, then or now, could be stirred by "Marcus Brutus"? "Write them together," and Brutus is *not* as fair a name; it will not start a spirit or an audience as soon as "Cæsar." How much may this have counted in the christening of the play?

Besides, did Shakspere, when thus naming plays, always name them after the chief character? Is Antonio more important than Bassanio or Shylock, even though it is for Antonio's life the two latter contend? Is Cymbeline more important than Imogen? or Henry IV than Hotspur or Prince Hal or Falstaff? To be sure, the people after whom "The Merchant of Venice" and "Cymbeline" and the first part of "King Henry IV" are named do not die in the third act, but the characters are not important; no actor of renown would play one of them. Yet in the two

historical plays, as in "Julius Cæsar," the kingly personage gives a kind of unity to the play that otherwise it would lack; the titles, besides—and this is our point—are good titles; they at once command attention.

A second and more telling stricture is the faulty characterisation Shakspere has given of the great conqueror of antiquity. Cæsar lives in the play as a mere grandiloquent boaster and braggart. His nature seems to have not one element of the greatness it possesses in history. Then, too, he is physically declining; "he hath the falling sickness," he is deaf in one ear, he swoons when the crown is offered him, and worse still, "he is superstitious grown of late, quite from the main opinion he once held of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies." Yet in the midst of this deterioration, he struts about like a veritable pasteboard divinity, boasting himself "constant as the northern star," telling rather "what is to be fear'd than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar." "Danger," moreover, "knows full well that Cæsar is more dangerous than he." No wonder Calpurnia warns him that his "wisdom is consum'd in confidence"! Between the simple, straightforward commentator of the Gallic War and this strutting cock how wide a chasm!

Shakspere received some of these hints as to the change in Cæsar's character just before his death from Plutarch; as to the rest, we can only conjecture his meaning. In other places in his plays he shows full appreciation of Cæsar's greatness; here, Cæsar is perversely distorted from what almost every other great writer has conceived him to be.

Why is this so? Gervinus has said that Shakspere under the artistic circumstances did not dare to bring Cæsar forward too conspicuously. The poet, if he intended to make the attempt of the republicans his main theme, could not have ventured to create too great an interest in

Cæsar; it was necessary to keep him in the background, and to present that view of him which gave a reason for the conspiracy. Hudson goes a bit further. "The great sun of Rome," he says, "had to be shorn of his beams, else so ineffectual a fire as Brutus could nowise catch the eye. . . . I have sometimes thought that the policy of the drama may have been to represent Cæsar, not as he was, but as he must have appeared to the conspirators; to make us see him as they saw him. . . . For Cæsar was literally too great to be seen by them."

Furthermore, he finds an irony pervading this play—the irony of Providence, so to speak, or, if you please, of Fate; much the same as is implied in the proverb, "A haughty spirit goes before a fall." This applies especially to Cæsar, whom, says Hudson, "we have most blown with arrogance and godding it in the loftiest style when the daggers of the assassins are on the very point of leaping at him."

"This," retorts Brandes, "is the emptiest cobweb-spinning." So indeed it is, for our purposes, suggestive though it be, and we can only echo, in closing this discussion, the regret that Shakspere has not given us a portrait of Cæsar comparable to his Antony (of the later tragedy) and his Coriolanus. We cannot agree with Hudson's suggestion that Cæsar was too great for the hero of a drama; rather do we think with Brandes that "the play might have been immeasurably deeper and richer than it is, had Shakspere been inspired by a feeling of Cæsar's greatness."

V. Shakspere's Language

The student of Shakspere should remember that the English language three hundred years ago was in a much more fluid state than it is to-day. Good use had not been

codified into the rules and principles that at present guide the writer from his earliest years ; as a result, Shakspere and his contemporaries employed their mother-tongue with an almost absolute lack of restraint that must have been little short of intoxicating. These men are far from inelegant in their diction, but they used with freedom many forms that to-day would hardly pass muster with even the half-educated. Grammar and rhetoric have at last gathered under fixed laws much that in Shakspere's day was unsettled and wavering. It is commonly said that the Elizabethan writers were helped by this uncertainty in the medium they used, and that a more rigid discipline would have hampered their genius. Shakspere at least may be given the benefit of the doubt. It is more to our purpose here to see wherein the Elizabethans had the advantage in freedom over nineteenth century writers, and a brief discussion of the Shaksperian language will follow, for the assistance of those who may be making, in "Julius Cæsar," their first venture in the study of the greatest of the English poets.

Three things the reader of Shakspere must at once become accustomed to : (1) Shakspere's rather free syntax ; (2) his unhampered use of words ; and (3) his large and unrestrained manner of expressing thought. A discussion of these three subjects will help the young student to understand much that may seem to him odd or inexplicable in the poet's work. The discussion, here, will be based entirely on "Julius Cæsar," with the caution that what is said under the first two heads in connection with this play will usually be found applicable to almost any other of the plays, and, indeed, to any piece of Elizabethan literature.

Shaksperian Grammar

Personal Pronouns

1. Case Forms.—There was almost absolute uncertainty in Shakspere's time as to the proper form of the nominative and objective cases of the personal pronouns—an uncertainty that continues to this day in ignorant speech. In "Julius Cæsar," consequently, the nominative or objective form is used indifferently after verbs and prepositions.

Examples: All the conspirators, save only *he* (v, 5, 69); And let no man abide this deed, But *we*, the doers (iii, 1, 95–6); I do beseech *ye* (originally nominative, and used by Shakspere chiefly in earnest address) if *you* (originally dative or accusative) bear me hard (iii, 1, 158); For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than *ye* (iv, 3, 130).

2. The Neuter Possessive.—*Its* is rarely found in Elizabethan writing; instead, Shakspere and his contemporaries largely use the Old English possessive *his*.[1] Several instances occur in "Julius Cæsar."

Examples: That every nice offence should bear *his* comment (iv, 3, 8); And chastisement doth therefore hide *his* head (iv, 3, 16); Humour, Which sometime hath his hour (ii, 1, 250–1).

3. Mine, Thine, My, Thy.—These forms seem to be used by Shakspere with little distinction, before vowels, unless, as Abbott suggests, *my* and *thy* are used for emphasis.

Examples: For *mine* own part (i, 2, 248); By *my* honour (iii, 1, 142); Respect unto *mine* honour (iii, 2, 15).

[1] Shakspere frequently uses the form *it* for the possessive: "It lifted up *it* head" (*Hamlet*, i, 2, 216).

4. THOU AND YOU.—The second person singular is used (*a*) to relatives and intimate friends; (*b*) to inferiors in rank; (*c*) in a contemptuous way toward strangers; and (*d*), as it was becoming somewhat archaic in Shakspere's time, in the exalted language of poetry or prophecy. Yet these rules were not infallible; cf. in the first scene the "Speak, what trade art thou?" with the immediately following "You, sir, what trade are you?"[1]

Examples: Compare Calpurnia's respectful address to Cæsar, "*Your* wisdom is consumed in confidence! . . . Call it my fear That keeps *you* in the house, and not *your* own" (ii, 2, 49–51); with his affectionate answer: "And for *thy* humour, I will stay at home" (ii, 2, 56). Note, too, the "you" of the councils of the conspirators, and Brutus' affectionate "thou" to Lucius, and his contemptuous "thou" to Octavius: "O if thou wert the noblest of thy strain, Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable" (v, 1, 59-60). According to Abbott ("A Shaksperian Grammar," § 232) "the difference between *thou* and *you* is well illustrated by the farewell addressed by Brutus to his *schoolfellow*, Volumnius, and his *servant*, Strato: "Farewell to *you*; and *you*; and *you*, Volumnius; Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep; Farewell to *thee*, too, Strato" (v, 5, 31–3).

5. THE PERSONAL AND THE REFLEXIVE CONFUSED.—As in modern colloquial English this confusion is not uncommon in "Julius Cæsar."

Examples: Submitting *me* unto the perilous night (i, 3, 47); *Myself* have letters of the self-same tenour (iv, 3, 169); Here is *himself*, marr'd, as you see, with traitors (iii, 2, 197).

[1] "When the appellative 'sir' is used, even in anger, *thou* generally gives place to you."—Abbott, *A Shaksperian Grammar*, § 232.

6. THE SO-CALLED ETHICAL DATIVE.—With the first personal pronoun, Shakspere frequently employs the so-called ethical dative to imply interest on the part of the speaker. The pronoun, of course, has no grammatical relationship with the rest of the sentence. The only clear instance of this in "Julius Cæsar" is in the words, "He pluck'd *me* ope his doublet" (i, 2, 264).

RELATIVE PRONOUNS

7. THAT, WHO (WHICH), AS.—These three forms are interchangeable, particularly in the correlative expressions *such . . . as, this* or *that . . . that;* and *these* or *those . . . that.* And yet the usual modern forms occur on the same page, perhaps, with the obsolete forms, in "Julius Cæsar."

Examples (who for which): A lion, *Who* glar'd (i, 3, 20); As the flint bears fire, *Who,* much enforced, etc. (iv, 3, 110–1).

Examples (modern use of the correlatives): That you have no *such* mirrors *as* will turn (i, 2, 56); Looks with *such* ferret and *such* fiery eyes *As* we have seen him, etc. (i, 2, 186–7); *Those* sparks of life *That* should be in a Roman (i, 3, 57–8).

Examples (Elizabethan use of the correlatives): *That* gentleness And show of love *as* I was wont to have (i, 2, 33–4); Under *these* hard conditions *as* this time Is like to lay upon us (i, 2, 174–5); To *such* a man *That* is no fleering tell-tale (i, 3, 116–7).

8. THE WHICH.—This form (cf. the French *lequel*) is used only once in "Julius Cæsar," though it is common enough in Shakspere. The antecedent is likely to be indefinite.

Example: There shall I try . . . how the people

take The cruel issue of these bloody men ; According to *the which,* thou shalt discourse (iii, 1, 293–6).

9. Relative and Antecedent Combined.—In this union either the relative or the antecedent may be omitted.

Examples: Did *that* they did in envy of great Cæsar (v, 5, 70) ; Thy honourable metal may be wrought From *that* it is dispos'd (i, 2, 307–8); I may do *that* I shall be sorry for (iv, 3, 64).

Note.—All this freedom of usage in relative pronouns is but of a piece with the freedom in regard to case forms of the personal pronoun.

Adjectives

10. Double Comparatives and Superlatives.—The most famous instance of this rather common habit is Mark Antony's "This was the most unkindest cut of all" (iii, 2, 183). See also "The most boldest and best hearts of Rome" (iii, 1, 122).

11. The Article *A* (*n*).—"Julius Cæsar" employs the *an* before words beginning with *u* or *h,* where American usage, at least, tends to *a.*

Examples: An universal shout (i, 1, 47) ; *An* hundred senators (iv, 3, 173).

12. Omission of *a* after *What.*—This omission occurs when *what* means *what kind of.*

Example: Cassius, *what night* is this ! (i, 3, 42).

13. Adjectives used for Adverbs.—"Julius Cæsar" contains several instances of this now faulty construction.

Examples (in the positive degree) : Some will *dear* abide

it (iii, 2, 114)[1]; Thou couldst not die more *honourable* (v, 1, 160); And went *surly* by (i, 3, 21).

Examples (in the comparative degree): Shall it not grieve thee *dearer* than thy death? (iii, 1, 197); He put it by thrice, every time *gentler* than other (i, 2, 229–30); For mine's a suit That touches Cæsar *nearer* (iii, 1, 6–7).

Verbs

14. The Verbal Ending *-eth*.—This antique ending of the third singular present is very common in "Julius Cæsar" and almost invariably gives an effect of impressive dignity.

Examples: The enemy *increaseth* every day (iv, 3, 214); The taper *burneth* in your closet (ii, 1, 35); But it *sufficeth* that the day will end (v, 1, 124); Where, where, Messala, *doth* his body lie? (v, 3, 91); But it *sufficeth* That Brutus leads me on (ii, 1, 333–4).

15. The Plural Indicative *Be*.—The use of *be* in the indicative is sometimes like that of the subjunctive, to express doubt. But it frequently has no such signification. It is generally found, in the indicative, only in the plural. One case of it occurs in "Julius Cæsar."

Example: Such men as he *be* never at heart's ease (i, 2, 208).

16. Preterite Tense.—The formation of the preterite of strong verbs varies from modern prose usage.

Examples: Thy Brutus *bid*[2] me give it thee (v, 3, 86); You *durst* not (iv, 3, 59); That Metellus *spake* of (ii, 1, 311).

[1] This, to be sure, is in the speech of the "First Citizen."

[2] Yet note "that bade the Romans Mark him" (i, 2, 125–6).

17. PAST PARTICIPLES.—In Shakspere's time the final *en* of past participles was becoming archaic, and the Elizabethan writers substitute, where the participle might be taken for an infinitive, the past tense of the verb. "Julius Cæsar" shows this tendency.

Examples: Where I have *took* them up (ii, 1, 50); You've . . . *stole* from my bed (ii, 1, 237–8); Till Antony have *spoke* (iii, 2, 61). A curious uncertainty in "Julius Cæsar" shows *struck* (i, 2, 177), *strucken* (ii, 2, 114), and *stricken* (ii, 1, 192) as past participial forms (the last two to express the same idea).

18. OMISSION OF *To* OF THE INFINITIVE.—After certain verbs the sign of the infinitive is omitted.

Example: You ought not walk (i, 1, 3). Compare "Will you *go see* the order of the course? (i, 2, 25).

For the converse, compare the line "That makest . . . my hair to stare" (iv, 3, 278).

19. THE AUXILIARY *Do.*—The invariable effect of the use of the auxiliary *do* is like that of the verbal ending *-eth;* it adds dignity or solemnity to the passage.

Examples: I *do* fear the people Choose Cæsar for their king (i, 2, 79–80); And those sparks of life That should be in a Roman, you *do* want (i, 3, 57–8); Ye gods, it *doth* amaze me (i, 2, 128); Held up his left hand, which *did* flame and burn (i, 3, 16).

20. OMISSION OF *Do* IN QUESTIONS.—Similar to the preceding is the effect of this frequent usage in inverted questions.

Examples: Brought you Cæsar home? (i, 3, 1); Why stare you so? (i, 3, 2); Why, saw you anything more wonderful? (i, 3, 14); Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow? (i, 3, 36); Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now? (ii, 1, 234). Occasionally this dignified inversion is

found in simple exhortation: "Then walk we forth . . . And . . . Let's all cry," etc. (iii, 1, 109 ff.).

21. *Shall* AND *Will.*—In regard to these difficult auxiliaries, Shakspere is singularly in accord with the best modern usage. When he uses *will* in the first person, it almost invariably expresses determination, inclination, or promise; similarly, *shall* in the second or third person generally expresses a threat, a promise, or a command.

Examples: I do not know the man I *should* avoid (i, 2, 200); The senators to-morrow Mean to establish Cæsar as a king; And he *shall* wear his crown, etc. (i, 3, 85–87); Repair to Pompey's porch, where you *shall* find us (i, 3, 147); *Shall* no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar? (ii, 1, 154); We'*ll* send Mark Antony to the senate-house; And he *shall* say (ii, 2, 52–3).

22. USE OF AUXILIARIES: OMISSION OF THE WORD *Go.* —This omission is very frequent.

Examples: We'*ll* *along* ourselves, and meet them at Philippi (iv, 3, 223); Early to-morrow will we rise and *hence* (iv, 3, 228); We *must out* and talk (v, 1, 22); I *will* myself into the pulpit first (iii, 1, 237); And thither *will* I straight to visit him (iii, 2, 267).

23. SINGULAR VERB WITH PLURAL SUBJECT.—This use occurs in relative clauses, or when the subject follows the verb, and may therefore be considered indeterminate.

Examples: There'*s* two or three of us (i, 3, 138); Three parts of him *Is* ours already (i, 3, 154–5); *Is* Decius Brutus and Trebonius there? (i, 3, 148); Casca, you are the first that *rears* your hand (iii, 1, 30); There *is* tears for his love (iii, 2, 26); You know that you are Brutus that *speaks* this (iv, 3, 13).

24. PLURAL VERB WITH SINGULAR SUBJECT.—This use, common to-day where a plural substantive intervenes between subject and verb, occurs but once in "Julius Cæsar."

Example: The *posture* of your blows *are* yet unknown (v, 1, 33).

25. SUBJUNCTIVE MOOD.—The subjunctive, as might be expected from the constant tendency of our language to simplify, is much more common in Shakspere than it is to-day, particularly in conditional sentences. "Julius Cæsar" is very rich in illustration.

Examples: If that thou *be'st* a Roman (iv, 3, 102); He *were* no lion, *were* not Romans hinds (i, 3, 106); Or, by the gods, this speech *were* else your last (iv, 3, 14); And that *were* much he *should* (ii, 1, 188).

26. THE SUBJUNCTIVE AFTER OTHER VERBS.—The subjunctive usually follows verbs expressing wish or command.

Examples: I would it *were* my fault (ii, 1, 4); I wish your enterprise to-day *may* thrive (iii, 1, 13). And look you *lay* it in the prætor's chair (i, 3, 143); I would I *might* go to hell among the rogues (i, 2, 266–7).

27. *I Had Rather.*—This good old English usage is very common in "Julius Cæsar," and with it is associated the kindred *had as lief.* It should be noticed, however, that in Shakspere *were better* and *were best* occur where we should use *had better* and *had best.*

Examples: I had as lief not be (i, 2, 95); I had rather coin my heart (iv, 3, 72); I had rather be a dog and bay the moon (iv, 3, 27); You were best (iii, 3, 12).

28. INFINITIVE FOR GERUND.—There are several cases

in "Julius Cæsar" where the infinitive is used for the gerundial expression; e.g. "That Tiber trembled underneath her banks, *To hear* the replication of your sounds"; that is, "*on hearing* the replication," etc. (i, 1, 48–9).

Examples: You forget yourself, To hedge me in (iv, 3, 29–30); What cause withholds you, then, *to mourn* for him? (iii, 2, 103). But do not stain . . . our enterprise . . . *to think*, etc. (ii, 1, 132 ff.).

Adverbs

29. Double Negatives.

Examples: Yet 'twas *not* a crown *neither* (i, 2, 237); Thou hast no figures *nor no* fantasies (ii, 1, 231); *Nor* for yours, *neither* (ii, 1, 237); *Nor* to *no* Roman else (iii, 1, 92).

Prepositions

30. The reader of Shakspere will at once become used to peculiar uses of prepositions, the meanings of which were probably less limited three centuries ago.

Examples: A surgeon *to* old shoes (i, 1, 27); Be not jealous *on* me (i, 2, 71); Tiber chafing *with* her shores (i, 2, 101); Govern'd *with* our mothers' spirits (i, 3, 83); We shall find *of* him A shrewd contriver (ii, 1, 157–8); Hath done this deed *on* Cæsar (iii, 1, 173).

31. Omission of Prepositions.—"Julius Cæsar" frequently omits prepositions where the modern language requires them.

Examples: Listen great things (iv, 1, 41); What trade art thou? (i, 1, 5); What hath proceeded worthy note (i, 2, 181); But ere we could arrive the point proposed (i, 2, 110).

32. CHANGED IDIOM.—Conversely, the play sometimes supplies prepositions after verbs that now do not require them.

Examples : Spurn *at* him (ii, 1, 11) ; I doubt not *of* your wisdom (iii, 1, 184).

CONJUNCTIONS

33. CONJUNCTIONS OMITTED.—This omission occurs most frequently in either or both of the chief members of a complex sentence denoting result.

Examples : (*So* omitted in the first clause) : Now is that noble vessel full of grief, That it runs over, etc. (v, 5, 13–4) ; Have you not made an universal shout, That Tiber trembled, etc.? (i, 1, 47–8). (*As* omitted in the second member) : I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee (iv, 3, 268) ; And none so poor to do him reverence (iii, 2, 120). (Omission of both *so* and *as*) : Be not fond To think (iii, 1, 39–40).

Examples of Other Omitted Conjunctions : And downward look on us, As we were sickly prey (v, 1, 85–6) ; It doth amaze me, A man of such a feeble temper should So get the start (i, 2, 128–30).

34. DOUBLE CONJUNCTIONS.—Conversely, compare the double conjunctive expression in "*If that* thou be'st a Roman" (iv, 3, 102) and in "*Lest that* the people" (iii, 1, 93).

NOTE.—Practically, all these uses of the conjunction are archaic to-day.

Shaksperian Diction

It will be remembered that three hundred years ago the English vocabulary had not become absolutely fixed ; many nouns and adjectives assumed forms that have now

become more or less obsolete, and many words that have since become recognised as simply adjectives or nouns were then used freely as verbs. The effect of unusualness that such unhampered diction gives is further increased by the use of expressions that have now almost entirely passed out of the language. Finally, many words are used by the Elizabethan writers in a sense quite different from their modern meaning. All these matters the student must learn, not in a dry, pedantic way, but merely as a means of furthering his knowledge and appreciation of Shakspere. Most of the words will carry their meaning in the root-syllable; the rest are so few as to be easily remembered. The following lists make no pretence to being absolutely complete. They give only the most important examples, and it is hoped the student will add to them from his reading of the play.

35. Obsolete or Archaic Forms:

afeard (ii, 2, 67).
carrions (ii, 1, 130).
cautelous (ii, 1, 129).
charactery (ii, 1, 308).
corse (iii, 1, 200; iii, 1, 292).
gamesome (i, 2, 28).
insuppressive (ii, 1, 134).
moe=more (ii, 1, 72; v, 3, 101).
rabblement (i, 2, 244).
replication (i, 1, 49).
thorough=through (iii, 1, 137).
wafture (ii, 1, 246).
yond (i, 2, 194).

36. Nouns Used as Adjectives:

Tiber banks (i, 1, 61); *Philippi* fields (v, 5, 19); *ferret* eyes (i, 2, 186).

37. Compound Adjectives:

honourable-dangerous (i, 3, 124).
high-sighted (ii, 1, 118).
honey-heavy (ii, 1, 230).
strange-disposed (i, 3, 33).

38. Verbs Formed from Nouns:

If thou *path* (ii, 1, 83); So *father'd* and so *husbanded* (ii, 1, 297); It shall *advantage*, more than do us wrong (iii, 1, 243); That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard, And after *scandal* them (i, 2, 75–6).

39. Verbs Formed from Adjectives:

To *stale* with ordinary oaths my love (i, 2, 73); Out of use and *stal'd* by other men (iv, 1, 38).

40. Intransitive Verbs Used as Transitive:

Calpurnia here, my wife, *stays* me at home (ii, 2, 75); *Weep* your tears (i, 1, 61); They *fall* their crests (iv, 2, 26); And then I *swore* thee (made thee swear; v, 3, 38).

41. Obsolete Words and Obsolete Meanings:

an=if (i, 2, 265; iv, 3, 256).
conceit=conceive, think (i, 3, 162; iii, 1, 193).
fall=happen (iii, 1, 244; v, 1, 105).
fond=foolish (iii, 1, 39).
the general=the people (ii, 1, 12).
heap=crowd (i, 3, 23).
hurtle=to clatter, rattle, rustle (ii, 2, 22).
orchard=garden (i, 2).
proper=goodly, well-appearing (i, 1, 28).

rumour=bustle, noise (ii, 4, 18).
sooth=truth, truly (ii, 4, 20).
speed=prosper (i, 2, 88).
the vulgar=the common people (i, 1, 73).

Under this head, though, of course, it is but generally connected with the linguistic discussion, we should speak of the anachronisms in "Julius Cæsar." An author is guilty of anachronism when he puts ideas, customs, or inventions into an age anterior to their use or discovery. Thus, in "Julius Cæsar," the Romans wear Elizabethan garb, they are subject to mediæval guild laws, they have clocks that strike the hour, Brutus turns down the leaf of a book; and Casca's oath, "May I go to hell among the rogues," is equalled only by his statement that Cicero's speech was "Greek" to him. Much learned ink has been spilled on this discussion; but any one who considers how little Shakspere would have cared whether these things were anachronisms or not, is more amused than profited by it. Ben Jonson was archæologically correct, and prided himself on being so in his "Sejanus," yet the complete oblivion into which his play has fallen among all but the learned shows that it takes more than mere historical accuracy to keep poetry alive.

This freedom, as well as the freedom of syntax and diction, marks the energy of the Elizabethan period, when everything was used with the freshness and novelty of a first discovery.

Shakspere's Style

The Shaksperian syntax, however, and the Shaksperian diction are hardly more than accidents in the net result that we call Shakspere. They are really Elizabethan, and can be found in the work of Shakspere's contemporaries;

but what distinguishes Shakspere from these other writers is his own splendid manner of saying things. This manner ought to become familiar to every high-school student, who is, indeed, likely, unassisted, to class poetry as rhymed and unrhymed, and, as it were, rest the whole poetical discussion there. He can perhaps hardly tell the poetry of Longfellow from that of Tennyson, or the poetry of Milton from that of Shakspere. It should be the object of all intelligent teaching to enable the student to appreciate the style and the manner of the poetical work he is reading.

It must be clear to every reader of "Julius Cæsar" that the secret of the manner is a certain freedom and largeness of expression that becomes almost a sustained style, and clothes even the most trivial thought with a kind of beauty. Sometimes this largeness becomes simply big, swelling phrases, as in

> "Vouchsafe good-morrow from a feeble tongue";

or in

> "Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand,
> Signed in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.
> O world, thou wast the forest to this hart, etc.

and there it is less admirable. But usually Shakspere expresses himself largely and vigorously because he thinks largely and vigorously, and the result is an increased dignity that no prose could attain to. These things can be felt, rather than explained; but any schoolboy that can read the lines

> "Many a time and oft
> Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
> To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
> Your children in your arms, *and there have sat*
> *The live-long day, with patient expectation,*
> *To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome;*
> *And, when you saw his chariot but appear,*
> *Have you not made an universal shout,*
> *That Tiber trembled underneath her banks*
> *To hear the replication of your sounds*
> *Made in her concave shores?*"

and not feel that here is an effect wholly beyond the power of prose and due wholly to the seriousness and moral earnestness of the poet, has good reason to suspect his ability to master the subtler distinctions of English style. Reduce the last three lines to prose—if that be possible—and you will see how much the thought owes to Shakspere's way of putting it.

These things, it may be said with some justice, are Elizabethan; Marlowe, especially, had the same large, serene manner. But when Shakspere's thought becomes tinged with a higher emotional or moral force, he passes into a realm where few of his contemporaries follow him and that too but rarely. Though "Julius Cæsar" is not so rich as some other plays of our dramatist in such verses, it still offers many instances of what I mean. Take the lines of Brutus to the boy Lucius:

> "Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
> And touch thy instrument a strain or two?"

and the still more beautiful lines in the same scene,

> "It was well done and thou shalt sleep again;
> I will not hold thee long; *if I do live,*
> *I will be good to thee.*
> . . . . *O murderous slumber,*
> *Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy*
> *That plays thee music!—Gentle knave, good night;*
> *I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.*"

Here the union of sense and melody is complete; the style is still as free and beautiful, but it has become flushed with the pathos of the situation. The verses almost approach in their lovely quality the words of the dying Hamlet,

> "If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
> Absent thee from felicity awhile,
> And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain
> To tell my story";

or the perfect lines in "Timon of Athens,"

> "Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
> Upon the beached verge of the salt flood."

When Shakspere rises beyond this intolerable pathos into the realm where he contemplates the world of nature, his verse becomes touched with a radiant beauty, a piercing sweetness, that no other poet has ever equalled. Such lines are not to be found in "Julius Cæsar," which does not, indeed, represent Shakspere's highest lyrical gift; but as the verses just quoted from "Hamlet" show the poet's noblest emotional expression, so the lines from "The Winter's Tale,"

> "Daffodils
> That come before the swallow dares and take
> The winds of March with beauty,"

or the still more exquisite lines from the burial of Imogen in "Cymbeline,"

> "With fairest flowers,
> Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
> I'll sweeten thy sad grave; thou shalt not lack
> The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
> The azur'd harebell, like thy veins; no, nor
> The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
> Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would
> With charitable bill, ...
> . . . . bring thee all this;
> Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none
> To winter-ground thy corse,"

show his supreme handling of nature. The latter style is, to use Arnold's expression, the more magical; but both styles show Shakspere's music and Shakspere's imagination at their best. The student should compare these lines with lines from the work of any other poet, and thus feel their superiority; moreover—and this is the main point here—he should see how many similar passages he

can find in "Julius Cæsar"; if not passages of equal beauty, yet how nearly approaching them. He should read many of the verses aloud and catch the swing of them; they should be more to him than the cerements of thought. Only when one *feels* the Shaksperian manner is one in a fair way to appreciate what Shakspere is in literature.

VI. Metre

The dialogue of "Julius Cæsar" is chiefly written in blank (unrhymed) verse. It is to be remembered that the rhythm or melody of this verse is brought about by the more or less regular recurrence of accented syllables, the stress of which produces a kind of musical cadence. It is sufficient to state that, in the regular Shaksperian blank verse,

(*a*) Each line consists of five feet,
(*b*) Each foot containing two syllables,
(*c*) The first unaccented the second, accented.

Accou' | tred as' | I was' | I plung' | ed in' (i, 2, 105).
But ere' | we could' | arrive' | the point' | propos'd' (i, 2, 110).

Nothing could in general be more monotonous or unpleasant than the regular succession of such lines without a single departure from the norm; and, as a matter of fact, the great poets are always distinguished by the variety they can obtain in the metre they use in any given piece of work. Inferior verse is likely to be very regular. Therefore, though the beginner may expect to find the larger part of the verses of "Julius Cæsar" of the pattern explained above, he must be prepared to recognise several devices by which Shakspere increases the variety and in consequence the power of his poetry. This variety was brought about

(i) By changing the accent, sometimes once and sometimes twice in a line :

Hor'ses | did neigh', | and dy' | ing men' | did groan' (ii, 2, 23).
Think' of | this life' ; | but', for | my sing' | le self' (i, 2, 94).

(ii) By adding extra syllables, either at the end of a line or elsewhere :

As well | as I | do know | your out | ward fa | vour (i, 2, 91).
Are to | the world | in gen | eral as | to Cæ | sar (ii, 2, 29).

These extra syllables may be slurred in pronunciation, as in the case of the second syllable of *general* above. Other instances of slurring are

Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds (ii, 2, 19).
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit (iv, 1, 33).
A barren-spirited fellow ; one that feeds (iv, 1, 36).

(iii) By making a foot consist of a single syllable, specially stressed in reading :

As a sick' | girl'. | Ye gods'! | it doth' | amaze' | me (i, 2, 128).

In general, then, it may be said that Shakspere conforms to the model of the ordinary blank verse ; but he writes so freely that one is sometimes tempted to believe it a matter of indifference to him, so long as he has five accented syllables, where the accents fall. There are in his verse numerous shorter, incomplete lines, and it will be seen that occasionally lines rhyme; but rhyme is found with much less frequency in his mature work and hardly ever in his latest work. The chronological study of his poetry shows constant gain on his part in freedom and vigour, and a superb facility in making the verse take any variety of form he wished.

Let the reader note, too, whether in general in the play the sentence ends with the end of the line ; if the beginner

cannot at first see the immense gain in sonority and ease that results from the method of closing the sentence in the middle of a line, he is recommended to read aloud long passages from some dramatist who habitually stops his thought at the end of the line. This treatment is warranted to cure even the tone-deaf.

In closing this discussion, I should like to advise the student to consider the effect in Shaksperian verse of the placing of the so-called cæsural pause—a breathing-place, as it were, in the body of the line. The lines quoted above will illustrate. Much of the melody of these comes from the variety in placing the pause, and the student may get both pleasure and profit from finding the number of kinds of musical phrases, as it were, this variety leads to. It is impossible to say how much of the dreadful effect of many poems is due to the monotony of cæsural habits or the complete absence of any such habit. The student should never read a line without providing for the cæsura; he should never write out the metrical scheme without indicating the place where the pause falls. A line is completely scanned only when it receives the double line of the cæsura, thus :

Did I′ | the tir′|ed Cæ′|sar. ‖ And this′ | man′ (i, 2, 115).

In great poetry the pause is likely to come in the middle of a foot rather than at the end, the divergence subserving variety.

SUGGESTIONS FOR TEACHERS

THE object of the preceding introduction has been simply to interest the student in Shakspere and his work. Too often the literature read in schools is regarded by the classes as only a row of hooks to hang facts on against that dismal day when a college examination is to settle one's fate once and for all. The headlong way in which in some schools prescribed books are read, and the needlessly unintelligent manner in which they are studied and commented on in others, are further aids to disgusting pupils with many of the choicest products of the creative mind. Better the quickening of the spirit than the successful cramming for fifty examinations. The introduction has sought, then, to show that "Julius Cæsar" is alive, and no mere literary husk of linguistics and references. To this end Shakspere has been presented as humanly as possible. The analysis of the Shaksperian language and metre, on the other hand, may tire many young readers, and seem a hindrance to the interest desired; let them but be patient, however, and even this hindrance will drop away. If the student does not quite understand why Shakspere uses certain expressions and certain rhythms, he will be balked of just so much enjoyment in the reading of the play; his attention will be distracted. Once mastered and understood, the seeming queerness acquires a charm of its own by falling into its place as part and parcel of this big, human fact, this Shakspere, that every educated man or woman should know something about.

Every teacher, in working over this play, should strive so to interest his class that the members of the class will be desirous of reading other Shaksperian plays. Study that leads to any other result is practically fruitless. How is this interest to be awakened? First and foremost, the play in hand should be read for the story pure and simple; no reader chronically addicted to reading from childhood ever began in any other way. Let the class read the play through once, as rapidly as possible, to get the excitement of it, to see "how it comes out." Naturally the intelligent teacher will call attention to unusual things in the text, in so far as that will help the understanding of the story; even an occasional illustration from other works will help; but nothing must check the forward rush of the narration. Read thus, Shakspere will seem human and delightful to all but the dullest; read in petty fragments two or three times a week—especially if every linguistic or rhythmical *i* is dotted by a painstaking teacher—he will probably become an unmitigated bore. Perhaps before the reading begins in earnest it would be wise for the teacher to call the attention of the class to the most frequent of the Shaksperian locutions now obsolete or passing away, and practise the members in the Shaksperian verse. Let the class understand what verse is—not a queer sort of writing that breaks off into set lines, but a consistently exalted, emotional speech, in power and sweep far beyond the attainment of prose; let the student get the rhythm of the thing—and then trust the rest to Shakspere. That is the way to begin. This particular play, with the prose of the cobbler and the poetry of the tribunes, offers a test at the very beginning. A teacher may from time to time wish to inquire why people in the play are doing certain things or why they did not act otherwise. Such interruption is legitimate and stimulates interest, but it may easily be carried to excess.

Up to this point the method of procedure will probably be identical, whether the play is merely to be read or whether it is to be minutely studied. In the latter case, of course, the second reading will necessarily be a more protracted and serious affair than in the former. It is sufficient for reading that the pupil thoroughly understand the story as a whole and in its parts; he should know pretty well the conditions under which Shakspere wrote, and he should be able to recognise Shaksperian expressions in other plays; in other words, the charm of Elizabethan writing should be not entirely lost on him in future. Let him analyse the plot in writing, or write themes on various subjects suggested by the plot; but never let him do this to the point of boredom. Let him never grow to dislike "Julius Cæsar."

In this work, but especially in the more analytical reading for study, the teacher must follow the bent of his own individuality. An intelligent and magnetic instructor could, conceivably, attain the end—the interesting of the pupil in Shakspere and in things of the spirit generally—as much by talking of Shakspere's conception and treatment of ancient Rome or of the England of Elizabeth as by talking of things more intimately connected with the structure and language of the play. To give advice to such a guide is little short of impertinent; he accomplishes his end by a kind of divine right. But for the great body of his faithful, if less inspired, fellows, it may be suggested that no study of "Julius Cæsar" is adequate which does not include a knowledge of most of the things treated in the introduction to this edition of the play. The student need not become a pedant; but he must know how to explain the comparatively difficult points of Shaksperian diction, syntax, and verse; he must know the structure of the play and he must know in most cases just what Shakspere was aiming at. "Julius Cæsar"

will stand a deal of such treatment without letting much of its lifeblood.

Discussion will, of course, be aided by a teacher that knows his Shakspere thoroughly. Cross references in the play and references to other plays always interest and fascinate a class; the chief danger in them is that they make a fatally easy way of appealing to the gallery. Nevertheless, any class must be interested in verbal resemblances such as those in this play and in "Hamlet." Some notion of what the commentators have said of "Julius Cæsar" is also indispensable to a teacher that would make his best effect. Moreover, the student should be encouraged to do outside reading for himself; he may well be interested in learning of the life and times of Shakspere and in comparing the work of some of the other Elizabethans—Marlowe or Ben Jonson—with Shakspere's own. Of course such extra study can be pursued by but few at best—schools, in large cities especially, are such distractingly busy places; but this is the ideal. The teacher should know enough of Shakspere to feel reasonably sure of his ground; for his own comfort he should go, say, even to the depths of the sonnet discussion. He must get a perspective; otherwise, he lives from hand to mouth, always conscious of his own shortcomings, and leaving the quick-witted student with a vague feeling of something undone. To give out the whole Shaksperian question in driblets to a class would be absurd; but the teacher who knows it all reasonably well can provide just enough to make the work attractive and inspiring beyond compare. And he will be conscious of sowing seed for the future.

Perhaps the best handbook for the beginner in Shaksperian criticism is Dr. Edward Dowden's "Shakspere" in the series of Literature Primers. In this work will be found all that the average student may wish to learn of

Shakspere's life, and the production of his plays; it also contains introductions to each of the plays and poems. The most interesting of recent essays on the poet is George Brandes' "William Shakspere: a Critical Study," a book which tries to build up a personality for Shakspere as well as give the best opinion, old and new, of his work. Even if one does not follow the author to the extremes of his theory, one cannot help receiving many fresh and vigorous ideas from this monumental production. It is fascinating as literature and most suggestive as a basis for further research.

Other works that should be known by those who wish to go more deeply into the subject are "Outlines of the Life of Shakspere," by J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, which contains in its appendix much curious and interesting information; "The Life and Work of Shakspere," by F. G. Fleay; "Shakspere: His Mind and Art," by E. Dowden; "William Shakspere," by Karl Elze; by Barrett Wendell; by B. Ten Brink, and, finally, the new "Life of William Shakspere" by Sidney Lee, which is valuable for a most interesting discussion of the "Sonnet" question and for a superb bibliography. This bibliography could well be made the basis of Shaksperian study. For questions of more minute detail the scholar is referred to the papers by Spedding, Fleay, and Furnivall in the "Transactions of the New Shakspere Society." Interesting, too, though not invaluable, are Dowden's "Shakspere's Sonnets" and Gerald Massey's "The Secret Drama of Shakspere's Sonnets"—as supplements to the Brandes and Sidney Lee works.

The student, finally, for reference, should know how to use E. A. Abbott's "A Shaksperian Grammar," Schmidt's "A Shakspere Lexicon," and Bartlett's "A Concordance to Shakspere." Anything beyond this will lead to the realm of linguistics, the text-books for which it is obviously not the duty of this volume to suggest.

So much for Shakspere in general; for special study of "Julius Cæsar" the beginner is referred to the essays by Hudson (Shakspere's Life, Art, and Characters); by Gervinus (Shakspere Commentaries); by Brandes; and by Dowden (Shakspere: His Mind and Art).

It is probable that many students into whose hands this book will fall are more or less familiar with Cæsar's "Commentaries" and have some general knowledge of the outlines of Cæsar's life; to those who wish further information, however, we may recommend a study of Mr. W. Warde Fowler's "Julius Cæsar" in "The Heroes of the Nations Series" (New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons), and for a graphic account of the events with which Shakspere's tragedy is concerned, a reading of the last chapters of Froude's "Cæsar: a Sketch,"—chapters which, although coloured by the author's prejudices, cannot fail to excite a lively interest.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

Shakspere's Life and Works.	Contemporary History and Literature (English and Foreign).
	1552. Spenser born.
	1553. Hooker and Lyly born. Edward VI died; Mary succeeded.
	1554. Sidney born.
	1558. Peele born? Mary died; Elizabeth succeeded.
	1559. Chapman born?
	1560. Greene born.
	1561. Bacon born. Gorboduc, the first English tragedy, acted.
	1562. Lope de Vega born.
	1563. Fox's Book of Martyrs.
1564. April 26. Baptised at Stratford-on-Avon.	1564. Marlowe born. Galileo born. Calvin died.
	1566. Udall's Ralph Royster Doyster, the first English comedy, printed.
	1567. Abdication of Mary, Queen of Scots.
	1569. Mercator's first chart.
	1570. Ascham's The Schoolmaster. Middleton born. Dekker born?
	1572. Knox died. Camoens's Lusiads.
	1573. Ben Jonson born.
	1577. Holinshed's Chronicle. Drake began circumnavigation of the globe.
	1578. Harvey born.
	1579. Lyly's Euphues. North's translation of Plutarch. Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar. Fletcher born.
	1580. Montaigne's Essays, i and ii. Camoens died. Lyly's Euphues and his England.
	1581. Heywood born? Tasso's Gerusalemme Liberata.
1582. November 28. Bond given for marriage with Anne Hathaway.	
1583. Daughter (Susanna) born.	
	1584. Massinger born. William the Silent assassinated. Peele's Arraignment of Paris.
1585. Twins (Hamnet and Judith) born.	
	1586. Beaumont and Ford born. Greene's Orlando Furioso acted. Sidney killed.
	1587. Mary, Queen of Scots, beheaded. Marlowe's Dr. Faustus acted?
	1588. The Invincible Armada defeated. Kyd's Spanish Tragedy acted?
	1590. Battle of Ivry. Lodge's Rosalind. Marlowe's Tamburlaine (both parts) printed. Sidney's Arcadia. Spenser's Faerie Queene (i–iii).
1592. By the middle of this year, a recognised playwright in London.	1592. Greene's Groat's-worth of Wit. Greene died. Presbyterianism established in Scotland.
1593. Venus and Adonis published.	1593. Marlowe killed.
1594. By this year, a member of the Lord Chamberlain's company. Lucrece published.	1594. Marlowe's Edward II.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE—*Continued*

SHAKSPERE'S LIFE AND WORKS.	CONTEMPORARY HISTORY AND LITERATURE (ENGLISH AND FOREIGN).
1596. Coat of arms applied for by his father. His only son (Hamnet) died.	1596. Descartes born. Jonson's Every Man in his Humour acted. Spenser's Faerie Queene (iv–vi).
1597. Bought New Place at Stratford. Romeo and Juliet, Richard II, and Richard III published.	1597. Bacon's Essays (ten first printed).
1598. Venus and Adonis, Lucrece, some sonnets, The Two Gentlemen of Verona, The Comedy of Errors, Love's Labour's Lost, Love's Labour's Won (All's Well that Ends Well?), Midsummer Night's Dream, Merchant of Venice, Richard II, Richard III, Henry IV, King John, Titus Andronicus, and Romeo and Juliet mentioned by Francis Meres. Merchant of Venice entered in Stationers' Register. Love's Labour's Lost and Henry IV (first part) published.	1598. Edict of Nantes. Peele died. Chapman's Iliad (first part); Hakluyt's Voyages and Travels (vol. i).
1599. Became a shareholder in the Globe Theatre. Two sonnets and some poems from Love's Labour's Lost published with the work of others in The Passionate Pilgrim.	1599. Cromwell born. Spenser died. The Globe Theatre built. Jonson's Every Man Out of his Humour acted.
1600. Titus Andronicus, Midsummer Night's Dream, Merchant of Venice, Henry IV (second part), Henry V, Much Ado about Nothing, published. As You Like It entered in Stationers' Register.	1600. Calderon born.
1601. His father died.	1601. Jonson's The Poetaster.
1602. A performance of Twelfth Night referred to under date of Feb. 2, by John Manningham of the Middle Temple. The Merry Wives of Windsor printed.	1602. The Bodleian Library founded. Dekker's Satiromastix.
1603. First quarto of Hamlet.	1603. Elizabeth died; James I succeeded.
1604. Second quarto of Hamlet (revised and enlarged from the first quarto).	Florio's translation of Montaigne's Essays. Heywood's A Woman Killed with Kindness. Jonson's Sejanus.
1605. Othello acted?	1605. Sir Thomas Browne born. Cervantes' Don Quixote (vol. i). The Gunpowder Plot. Bacon's Advancement of Learning. Jonson's Volpone acted.
	1606. Lyly died. Corneille born.
1607. His daughter Susanna married.	1607. Virginia settled. Chapman's Bussy d'Ambois. Tourneur's Revenger's Tragedy.
1608. His mother died. King Lear published.	1608. Milton born. Beaumont and Fletcher's Philaster acted. Middleton's A Trick to Catch the Old One.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE—*Continued*

SHAKSPERE'S LIFE AND WORKS.	CONTEMPORARY HISTORY AND LITERATURE (ENGLISH AND FOREIGN).
1609. Troilus and Cressida, Pericles, and the Sonnets published.	1609. Dekker's Gull's Horn-book. Jonson's The Silent Woman. Douay translation of the Bible.
1610. A performance of Macbeth noted under date of April 20, in the MS. diary of Dr. Simon Forman.	1610. Jonson's The Alchemist. 1611. Chapman's Iliad (complete). The Authorised Version of the Bible. 1612. Bacon's Essays (Second Edition). Webster's The White Devil. 1613. Jeremy Taylor born. 1614. Chapman's Odyssey (i—xii). Jonson's Bartholomew Fair. Napier's Logarithmorum Canonis Descriptio. Raleigh's History of the World. 1615. Don Quixote (part ii). Chapman's Odyssey (xiii—xxiv).
1616. Feb. 10. His daughter Judith married. April 25, he died. Is buried in the church at Stratford-on-Avon.	1616. Beaumont and Cervantes died. Harvey lectured on the circulation of the blood. Webster's The Duchess of Malfi. Jonson's Works (vol. i, folio edition).
1622. Othello published. 1623. The first edition of Shakspere's plays (the first folio) published. Pericles is omitted. In the volume are printed, for the first time so far as we know, The Tempest, The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Measure for Measure, Comedy of Errors, As You Like It, The Taming of the Shrew, All's Well that Ends Well, Twelfth Night, Winter's Tale; King John, 1, 2, 3; Henry VI, Henry VIII, Coriolanus, Timon of Athens, Julius Cæsar, Macbeth, Antony and Cleopatra, and Cymbeline.	

JULIUS CÆSAR

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
MARCUS ANTONIUS,
M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS, } triumvirs after the death of Julius Cæsar.

CICERO,
PUBLIUS,
POPILIUS LENA, } senators.

MARCUS BRUTUS,
CASSIUS,
CASCA,
TREBONIUS,
LIGARIUS,
DECIUS BRUTUS,
METELLUS CIMBER,
CINNA, } conspirators against Julius Cæsar.

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, tribunes.

ARTEMIDORUS of Cnidos, a teacher of Rhetoric.

A Soothsayer.

CINNA, a poet. Another poet.

LUCILIUS,
TITINIUS,
MESSALA,
Young CATO,
VOLUMNIUS, } friends to Brutus and Cassius.

VARRO,
CLITUS,
CLAUDIUS,
STRATO,
LUCIUS,
DARDANIUS, } servants to Brutus.

PINDARUS, servant to Cassius.

CALPURNIA, wife to Cæsar.

PORTIA, wife to Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, etc.

SCENE: *Rome: the neighbourhood of Sardis: the neighbourhood of Philippi.*

ACT FIRST.

SCENE I.—*Rome. A street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, *and certain* Commoners.

FLAVIUS. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home:
Is this a holiday? what! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?
FIRST COMMONER. Why, sir, a carpenter.
MARULLUS. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
You, sir, what trade are you?
SECOND COMMONER. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.
MARULLUS. But what trade art thou? answer me directly.
SECOND COMMONER. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.
MARULLUS. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?
SECOND COMMONER. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.
MARULLUS. What mean'st thou by that? mend me, thou saucy fellow!

SECOND COMMONER. Why, sir, cobble you.

FLAVIUS. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

SECOND COMMONER. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork.

FLAVIUS. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

SECOND COMMONER. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

MARULLUS. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

FLAVIUS. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt all the* Commoners.

See, whether their basest metal be not mov'd;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

MARULLUS. May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

FLAVIUS. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A public place.*

Flourish. *Enter* CÆSAR; ANTONY, *for the course;* CALPURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and* CASCA; *a great crowd following, among them a* Soothsayer.

CÆSAR. Calpurnia!

CASCA. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

[*Music ceases.*

CÆSAR. Calpurnia!
CALPURNIA. Here, my lord.
CÆSAR. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course. Antonius!
ANTONY. Cæsar, my lord?
CÆSAR. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.
ANTONY. I shall remember:
When Cæsar says, "Do this," it is perform'd.
CÆSAR. Set on; and leave no ceremony out. [*Flourish.*
SOOTHSAYER. Cæsar!
CÆSAR. Ha! who calls?
CASCA. Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!
CÆSAR. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry "Cæsar!" Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.
SOOTHSAYER. Beware the ides of March.
CÆSAR. What man is that?
BRUTUS. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.
CÆSAR. Set him before me; let me see his face.
CASSIUS. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Cæsar.
CÆSAR. What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.
SOOTHSAYER. Beware the ides of March.
CÆSAR. He is a dreamer; let us leave him: pass.
[*Sennet. Exeunt all but* BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS.
CASSIUS. Will you go see the order of the course?
BRUTUS. Not I.
CASSIUS. I pray you, do.
BRUTUS. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

CASSIUS. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.
BRUTUS. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviours;
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd—
Among which number, Cassius, be you one—
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.
CASSIUS. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?
BRUTUS. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection by some other things.
CASSIUS. 'Tis just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
Except immortal Cæsar, speaking of Brutus
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.
BRUTUS. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,

That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me ?

CASSIUS. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear :
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus :
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester ; if you know
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard
And after scandal them ; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout.*

BRUTUS. What means this shouting ? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

CASSIUS. Ay, do you fear it ?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

BRUTUS. I would not, Cassius ; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long ?
What is it that you would impart to me ?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently :
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

CASSIUS. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life ; but, for my single self,

I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in
And bade him follow: so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy;
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake;
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"
As a sick girl. Ye gods! it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should

So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*
BRUTUS. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.
CASSIUS. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that "Cæsar"?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
"Brutus" will start a spirit as soon as "Cæsar."
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.
BRUTUS. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this and of these times,

I shall recount hereafter ; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said
I will consider ; what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this :
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

CASSIUS. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

BRUTUS. The games are done and Cæsar is returning.

CASSIUS. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve ;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Re-enter CÆSAR *and his Train.*

BRUTUS. I will do so. But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train :
Calpurnia's cheek is pale ; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

CASSIUS. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

CÆSAR. Antonius !

ANTONY. Cæsar ?

CÆSAR. Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights :
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look ;
He thinks too much : such men are dangerous.

ANTONY. Fear him not, Cæsar ; he's not dangerous ;
He is a noble Roman and well given.

Cæsar. Would he were fatter! But I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men; he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Sennet. Exeunt* Cæsar *and all his Train but* Casca.

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

Brutus. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Brutus. I should not then ask Casca what had chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him: and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.

Brutus. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cassius. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Brutus. Was the crown offered him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting-by mine honest neighbours shouted.

CASSIUS. Who offered him the crown?
CASCA. Why, Antony.
BRUTUS. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.
CASCA. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement shouted and clapped their chopt hands and threw up their sweaty nightcaps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swounded and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.
CASSIUS. But, soft, I pray you: what, did Cæsar swound?
CASCA. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.
BRUTUS. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling sickness.
CASSIUS. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you and I
And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.
CASCA. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.
BRUTUS. What said he when he came unto himself?
CASCA. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell

among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried "Alas, good soul!" and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Brutus. And after that, he came, thus sad, away? 274

Casca. Ay.

Cassius. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cassius. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: but those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it. 285

Cassius. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cassius. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive and your mind hold and your dinner worth the eating. 290

Cassius. Good: I will expect you.

Casca. Do so. Farewell, both. [*Exit.*

Brutus. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cassius. So is he now in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite. 300

Brutus. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:

To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you ; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

CASSIUS. I will do so : till then, think of the world.
[*Exit* BRUTUS.

Well, Brutus, thou art noble ; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd : therefore it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes ;
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd ?
Cæsar doth bear me hard ; but he loves Brutus :
If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name ; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at :
And after this let Cæsar seat him sure ;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A street.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, *with his sword drawn, and* CICERO.

CICERO. Good even, Casca : brought you Cæsar home ?
Why are you breathless ? and why stare you so ?

CASCA. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm ? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks, and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds :
But never till to-night, never till now,

Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

CICERO. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

CASCA. A common slave—you know him well by sight—
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides—I ha' not since put up my sword—
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me: and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear, who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit
Even at noon-day upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say
"These are their reasons; they are natural:"
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

CICERO. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

CASCA. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

CICERO. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

CASCA. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit* CICERO.

Enter CASSIUS.

CASSIUS. Who's there?

CASCA. A Roman.
CASSIUS. Casca, by your voice.
CASCA. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this!
CASSIUS. A very pleasing night to honest men.
CASCA. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?
CASSIUS. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night,
And thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone;
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.
CASCA. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.
CASSIUS. You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale and gaze
And put on fear and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,
Why old men fool and children calculate,
Why all these things change from their ordinance,
Their natures and preformed faculties,
To monstrous quality, why, you shall find
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man

Most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol,
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action, yet prodigious grown
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

Cassius. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cassius. I know where I will wear this dagger then:
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunder still.*

Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cassius. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf
But that he sees the Romans are
He were no lion, were not Ro

Most like this dreadful night,
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So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

CASSIUS. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.

Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,
What rubbish and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

CASCA. You speak to Casca, and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

CASSIUS. There 's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
In favour 's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter CINNA.

CASCA. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

CASSIUS. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend. Cinna, where haste you so?

CINNA. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

CASSIUS. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

CINNA. I am glad on 't. What a fearful night is this!
There 's two or three of us have seen strange sights.
CASSIUS. Am I not stay'd for? tell me.
CINNA. Yes, you are.
O Cassius, if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party—
CASSIUS. Be you content: good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?
CINNA. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.
CASSIUS. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.
[*Exit* CINNA.
Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.
CASCA. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts;
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.
CASSIUS. Him and his worth and our great need of him
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight, and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

SCENE I.—*Rome.* BRUTUS'S *orchard.*

Enter BRUTUS.

BRUTUS. What, Lucius, ho!
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say!
I would it were ~~my~~ fault to sleep so soundly.
When, Lucius, when? awake, I say! what, Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

LUCIUS. Call'd you, my lord?
BRUTUS. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
LUCIUS. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*
BRUTUS. It must be by his death: and for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there 's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that;—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof

That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: so Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

LUCIUS. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint I found
This paper thus seal'd up, and I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to bed.
[*Gives him the letter.*

BRUTUS. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

LUCIUS. I know not, sir.

BRUTUS. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

LUCIUS. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

BRUTUS. The exhalations whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them.
[*Opens the letter and reads.*
"Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!
Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!"
Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.
"Shall Rome, etc." Thus must I piece it out:
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
"Speak, strike, redress!" Am I entreated
To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

LUCIUS. Sir, March is wasted fifteen days. 59
[*Knocking within.*

BRUTUS. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.
[*Exit* LUCIUS.

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

LUCIUS. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door, 70
Who doth desire to see you.

BRUTUS. Is he alone?

LUCIUS. No, sir, there are moe with him.

BRUTUS. Do you know them?

LUCIUS. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.

BRUTUS. Let 'em enter. [*Exit* LUCIUS.
They are the faction. O conspiracy,
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,

When evils are most free? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter the Conspirators, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, *and* TREBONIUS.

CASSIUS. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?
BRUTUS. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?
CASSIUS. Yes, every man of them: and no man here
But honours you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.
BRUTUS. He is welcome hither.
CASSIUS. This, Decius Brutus.
BRUTUS. He is welcome too.
CASSIUS. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.
BRUTUS. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?
CASSIUS. Shall I entreat a word?
[BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS *whisper.*
DECIUS. Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?
CASCA. No.
CINNA. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon gray lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.
CASCA. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises,
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire ; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

BRUTUS. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

CASSIUS. And let us swear our resolution.

BRUTUS. No, not an oath : if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed ;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause,
To prick us to redress ? what other bond
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter ? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it ?
Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs ; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt ; but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cassius. But what of Cicero ? shall we sound him ?
I think he will stand very strong with us.
Casca. Let us not leave him out.
Cinna. No, by no means.
Metellus. O, let us have him, for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds :
It shall be said, his judgement rul'd our hands ;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.
Brutus. O, name him not : let us not break with him :
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.
Cassius. Then leave him out.
Casca. Indeed he is not fit.
Decius. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar ?
Cassius. Decius, well urg'd : I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar : we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver ; and you know his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all : which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.
Brutus. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death and envy afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar :
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar ;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood :
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar ! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it ! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully ;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,

Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
When Cæsar's head is off.

CASSIUS. Yet I fear him;
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar—

BRUTUS. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself, take thought and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness and much company.

TREBONIUS. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes.*

BRUTUS. Peace! count the clock.

CASSIUS. The clock hath stricken three.

TREBONIUS. 'Tis time to part.

CASSIUS. But it is doubtful yet,
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies:
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

DECIUS. Never fear that: if he be so resolv'd,
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,

And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers;
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered.
Let me work;
For I can give his humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cassius. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Brutus. By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?

Cinna. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Metellus. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Brutus. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cassius. The morning comes upon 's: we'll leave you, Brutus.
And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Brutus. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits and formal constancy:
And so, good morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but* Brutus.

Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

Portia. Brutus, my lord!

Brutus. Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?

It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.
PORTIA. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across;
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks;
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot;
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
And could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.
BRUTUS. I am not well in health, and that is all.
PORTIA. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.
BRUTUS. Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.
PORTIA. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,

I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

BRUTUS. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

PORTIA. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

BRUTUS. You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

PORTIA. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

BRUTUS. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!
[*Knocking within.*
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows:
Leave me with haste. [*Exit* PORTIA.] Lucius, who's that knocks?

Re-enter LUCIUS *with* LIGARIUS.

LUCIUS. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.
BRUTUS. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.
Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how?
LIGARIUS. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.
BRUTUS. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!
LIGARIUS. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.
BRUTUS. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.
LIGARIUS. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible,
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?
BRUTUS. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.
LIGARIUS. But are not some whole that we must make sick?
BRUTUS. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.

LIGARIUS. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.
BRUTUS. Follow me, then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Cæsar's house.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR, *in his night-gown.*

CÆSAR. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
"Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!" Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

SERVANT. My lord?
CÆSAR. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice
And bring me their opinions of success.
SERVANT. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter CALPURNIA.

CALPURNIA. What mean you, Cæsar? think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.
CÆSAR. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.
CALPURNIA. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;

Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

CÆSAR. What can be avoided
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

CALPURNIA. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

CÆSAR. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Re-enter Servant.

What say the augurers?

SERVANT. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

CÆSAR. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he:
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible:
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Calpurnia. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;
And he shall say you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.
Cæsar. Mark Antony shall say I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.
Decius. Cæsar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Cæsar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.
Cæsar. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.
Calpurnia. Say he is sick.
Cæsar. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell graybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.
Decius. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.
Cæsar. The cause is in my will: I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statuë,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood, and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:

And these does she apply for warnings, and portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

DECIUS. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics and cognizance.
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

CÆSAR. And this way have you well expounded it.

DECIUS. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now: the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
"Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams."
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
"Lo, Cæsar is afraid"?
Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this,
And reason to my love is liable.

CÆSAR. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go.

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, *and* CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

PUBLIUS. Good morrow, Cæsar.

CÆSAR. Welcome, Publius.
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?

Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.
What is 't o'clock ?

BRUTUS. Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.

CÆSAR. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See ! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

ANTONY. So to most noble Cæsar.

CÆSAR. Bid them prepare within :
I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now, Cinna : now, Metellus : what, Trebonius ! 120
I have an hour's talk in store for you ;
Remember that you call on me to-day :
Be near me, that I may remember you.

TREBONIUS. Cæsar, I will : [*Aside*] and so near will I be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

CÆSAR. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me ;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

BRUTUS. [*Aside.*] That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A street near the Capitol.*

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, *reading a paper.*

ARTEMIDORUS. " Cæsar, beware of Brutus ; take heed of Cassius ; come not near Casca ; have an eye to Cinna ; trust not Trebonius ; mark well Metellus Cimber ; Decius Brutus loves thee not ; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent

against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you : security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee ! Thy lover, ARTEMIDORUS."

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live ;
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the same street, before the house of* BRUTUS.

Enter PORTIA *and* LUCIUS.

PORTIA. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house ;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay ?
LUCIUS. To know my errand, madam.
PORTIA. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.
O constancy, be strong upon my side !
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue !
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel !
Art thou here yet ?
LUCIUS. Madam, what should I do ?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else ?
And so return to you, and nothing else ?
PORTIA. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth : and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy ! what noise is that ?
LUCIUS. I hear none, madam.
PORTIA. Prithee, listen well;

I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Lucius. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.

Portia. Come hither, fellow: which way hast thou been?
Soothsayer. At mine own house, good lady.
Portia. What is 't o'clock?
Soothsayer. About the ninth hour, lady.
Portia. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?
Soothsayer. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.
Portia. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?
Soothsayer. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.
Portia. Why, know'st thou any harm 's intended towards him?
Soothsayer. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.
Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*
Portia. I must go in. Ay me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus,
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!
Sure, the boy heard me.—Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint.
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT THIRD.

SCENE I.—*Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above.*

A crowd of people; among them ARTEMIDORUS *and the* Soothsayer. *Flourish. Enter* CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, *and others.*

CÆSAR. [*To the* Soothsayer] The ides of March are come.

SOOTHSAYER. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

ARTEMIDORUS. Hail, Cæsar! read this schedule.

DECIUS. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

ARTEMIDORUS. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine 's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.

CÆSAR. What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd.

ARTEMIDORUS. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

CÆSAR. What, is the fellow mad?

PUBLIUS. Sirrah, give place.

CASSIUS. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

CÆSAR *goes up to the Senate-House, the rest following.*

POPILIUS. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

CASSIUS. What enterprise, Popilius?

POPILIUS. Fare you well.
[*Advances to* CÆSAR.
BRUTUS. What said Popilius Lena?
CASSIUS. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.
BRUTUS. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.
CASSIUS. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.
BRUTUS. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.
CASSIUS. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.
[*Exeunt* ANTONY *and* TREBONIUS.
DECIUS. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.
BRUTUS. He is address'd: press near and second him.
CINNA. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.
CÆSAR. Are we all ready? What is now amiss
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?
METELLUS. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart.— [*Kneeling.*
CÆSAR. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked court'sies and base spaniel-fawning.

Thy brother by decree is banished :
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

METELLUS. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear
For the repealing of my banish'd brother ?

BRUTUS. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar ;
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

CÆSAR. What, Brutus !

CASSIUS. Pardon, Cæsar ; Cæsar, pardon :
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

CÆSAR. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you ;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me :
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks ;
They are all fire and every one doth shine ;
But there 's but one in all doth hold his place :
So in the world ; 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive ;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion : and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this ;
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

CINNA. O Cæsar,—

CÆSAR. Hence ! wilt thou lift up Olympus ?

DECIUS. Great Cæsar,—

CÆSAR. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel ?

CASCA. Speak, hands, for me!

[CASCA *first, then the other* Conspirators *and* MARCUS BRUTUS *stab* CÆSAR.

CÆSAR. Et tu, Brute! Then fall, Cæsar! [*Dies.*

CINNA. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

CASSIUS. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
"Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"

BRUTUS. People and senators, be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still: ambition's debt is paid.

CASCA. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

DECIUS. And Cassius too.

BRUTUS. Where 's Publius?

CINNA. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

METELLUS. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance—

BRUTUS. Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

CASSIUS. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

BRUTUS. Do so: and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

CASSIUS. Where is Antony?

TREBONIUS. Fled to his house amaz'd:
Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run
As it were doomsday.

BRUTUS. Fates, we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

CASSIUS. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

BRUTUS. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let 's all cry, "Peace, freedom and liberty!"
CASSIUS. Stoop then, and wash. How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!
BRUTUS. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust!
CASSIUS. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.
DECIUS. What, shall we forth?
CASSIUS. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

BRUTUS. Soft! who comes here? A friend of Antony's.
SERVANT. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead

So well as Brutus living ; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

BRUTUS. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman ;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied, and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

SERVANT. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit.*

BRUTUS. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

CASSIUS. I wish we may : but yet have I a mind
That fears him much ; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

BRUTUS. But here comes Antony.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Welcome, Mark Antony.

ANTONY. O mighty Cæsar ! dost thou lie so low ?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure ? Fare thee well.
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank :
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die :
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

BRUTUS. O Antony, beg not your death of us.

Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome—
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts and reverence.

CASSIUS. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

BRUTUS. Only be patient till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

ANTONY. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand;
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas, what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,

Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
How like a deer strucken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!

CASSIUS. Mark Antony,—

ANTONY. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

CASSIUS. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

ANTONY. Therefore I took your hands, but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

BRUTUS. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

ANTONY. That 's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

BRUTUS. You shall, Mark Antony.
CASSIUS. Brutus, a word with you.
[*Aside to* BRUTUS] You know not what you do: do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?
BRUTUS. By your pardon;
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission,
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.
CASSIUS. I know not what may fall; I like it not.
BRUTUS. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,
And say you do 't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: and you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.
ANTONY. Be it so;
I do desire no more.
BRUTUS. Prepare the body then, and follow us.
[*Exeunt all but* ANTONY.
ANTONY. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,

To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry "Havoc," and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

SERVANT. I do, Mark Antony.

ANTONY. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

SERVANT. He did receive his letters, and is coming;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth—
O Cæsar!— [*Seeing the body.*

ANTONY. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

SERVANT. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

ANTONY. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd:
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,

In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt with* CÆSAR'S *body.*

SCENE II.—*The Forum.*

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS, *and a throng of* Citizens.

CITIZENS. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

BRUTUS. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

FIRST CITIZEN. I will hear Brutus speak.

SECOND CITIZEN. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.
[*Exit* CASSIUS, *with some of the* Citizens. BRUTUS *goes into the pulpit.*

THIRD CITIZEN. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

BRUTUS. Be patient till the last.
Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living and die

all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply. 33

ALL. None, Brutus, none.

BRUTUS. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY *and others, with* CÆSAR'S *body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death. 46

ALL. Live, Brutus! live, live!

FIRST CITIZEN. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

SECOND CITIZEN. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

THIRD CITIZEN. Let him be Cæsar.

FOURTH CITIZEN. Cæsar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus. 51

FIRST CITIZEN. We 'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

BRUTUS. My countrymen,—
SECOND CITIZEN. Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.
FIRST CITIZEN. Peace, ho!
BRUTUS. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*
FIRST CITIZEN. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.
THIRD CITIZEN. Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.
ANTONY. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.
[*Goes into the pulpit.*
FOURTH CITIZEN. What does he say of Brutus?
THIRD CITIZEN. He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.
FOURTH CITIZEN. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.
FIRST CITIZEN. This Cæsar was a tyrant.
THIRD CITIZEN. Nay, that's certain:
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.
SECOND CITIZEN. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.
ANTONY. You gentle Romans,—
CITIZENS. Peace, ho! let us hear him.
ANTONY. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honourable man ;
So are they all, all honourable men—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me :
But Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse : was this ambition ?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause :
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?
O judgement ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me ;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Citizen. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Second Citizen. If thou consider rightly of the matter, Cæsar has had great wrong.

Third Citizen. Has he, masters ?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

FOURTH CITIZEN. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.
FIRST CITIZEN. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.
SECOND CITIZEN. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
THIRD CITIZEN. There 's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.
FOURTH CITIZEN. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.
ANTONY. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here 's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.
FOURTH CITIZEN. We 'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.
ALL. The will! the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.
ANTONY. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you should, O, what would come of it!

FOURTH CITIZEN. Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

ANTONY. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

FOURTH CITIZEN. They were traitors: honourable men!

ALL. The will! the testament!

SECOND CITIZEN. They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will.

ANTONY. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

ALL. Come down.

SECOND CITIZEN. Descend.

[*He comes down from the pulpit.*

THIRD CITIZEN. You shall have leave.

FOURTH CITIZEN. A ring; stand round.

FIRST CITIZEN. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

SECOND CITIZEN. Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

ANTONY. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

SEVERAL CITIZENS. Stand back. Room! Bear back.

ANTONY. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent,

That day he overcame the Nervii :
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through :
See what a rent the envious Casca made :
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd ;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no ;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him !
This was the most unkindest cut of all ;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty heart ;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statuë,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity : these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

FIRST CITIZEN. O piteous spectacle !
SECOND CITIZEN. O noble Cæsar !
THIRD CITIZEN. O woful day !
FOURTH CITIZEN. O traitors, villains !
FIRST CITIZEN. O most bloody sight !
SECOND CITIZEN. We will be revenged.
ALL. Revenge ! About ! Seek ! Burn ! Fire ! Kill ! Slay ! Let not a traitor live !
ANTONY. Stay, countrymen.
FIRST CITIZEN. Peace there ! hear the noble Antony.

SECOND CITIZEN. We 'll hear him, we 'll follow him, we 'll die with him.

ANTONY. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable:
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him:
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

ALL. We 'll mutiny.

FIRST CITIZEN. We 'll burn the house of Brutus.

THIRD CITIZEN. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

ANTONY. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

ALL. Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!

ANTONY. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not: I must tell you then:
You have forgot the will I told you of.

ALL. Most true: the will! Let 's stay and hear the will.

ANTONY. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.
SECOND CITIZEN. Most noble Cæsar! We'll revenge his death.
THIRD CITIZEN. O royal Cæsar!
ANTONY. Hear me with patience.
ALL. Peace, ho!
ANTONY. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?
FIRST CITIZEN. Never, never. Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.
SECOND CITIZEN. Go fetch fire.
THIRD CITIZEN. Pluck down benches.
FOURTH CITIZEN. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.
[*Exeunt* Citizens *with the body.*
ANTONY. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!

Enter a Servant.

How now, fellow!
SERVANT. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.
ANTONY. Where is he?
SERVANT. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.
ANTONY. And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.
SERVANT. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

ANTONY. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A street.*

Enter CINNA *the poet.*

CINNA. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

FIRST CITIZEN. What is your name?
SECOND CITIZEN. Whither are you going?
THIRD CITIZEN. Where do you dwell?
FOURTH CITIZEN. Are you a married man or a bachelor?
SECOND CITIZEN. Answer every man directly.
FIRST CITIZEN. Ay, and briefly.
FOURTH CITIZEN. Ay, and wisely.
THIRD CITIZEN. Ay, and truly, you were best.
CINNA. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.
SECOND CITIZEN. That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry: you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.
CINNA. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.
FIRST CITIZEN. As a friend or an enemy?
CINNA. As a friend.
SECOND CITIZEN. That matter is answered directly.
FOURTH CITIZEN. For your dwelling, briefly.
CINNA. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.
THIRD CITIZEN. Your name, sir, truly.

CINNA. Truly, my name is Cinna.
FIRST CITIZEN. Tear him to pieces; he 's a conspirator.
CINNA. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.
FOURTH CITIZEN. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses. 31
CINNA. I am not Cinna the conspirator.
FOURTH CITIZEN. It is no matter, his name 's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.
THIRD CITIZEN. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! firebrands: to Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all: some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away, go! [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

SCENE I.—*A house in Rome.*

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, *and* LEPIDUS, *seated at a table.*

ANTONY. These many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd.

OCTAVIUS. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

LEPIDUS. I do consent—

OCTAVIUS. Prick him down, Antony.

LEPIDUS. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

ANTONY. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

LEPIDUS. What, shall I find you here? 10

OCTAVIUS. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit* LEPIDUS.

ANTONY. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

OCTAVIUS. So you thought him,
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

ANTONY. Octavius, I have seen more days than you :
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way ;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.
OCTAVIUS. You may do your will ;
But he 's a tried and valiant soldier.
ANTONY. So is my horse, Octavius ; and for that
I do appoint him store of provender :
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so ;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth ;
A barren-spirited fellow ; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations,
Which, out of use and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion : do not talk of him
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things : Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers : we must straight make head :
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, our means stretch'd ;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.
OCTAVIUS. Let us do so : for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies ;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Camp near Sardis. Before* BRUTUS'S *tent.*

Drum. *Enter* BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, *and* Soldiers; TITINIUS *and* PINDARUS *meeting them.*

BRUTUS. Stand, ho!
LUCILIUS. Give the word, ho! and stand.
BRUTUS. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?
LUCILIUS. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.
BRUTUS. He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: but if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.
PINDARUS. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.
BRUTUS. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius:
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.
LUCILIUS. With courtesy and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.
BRUTUS. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?
LUCILIUS. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;

The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*Low march within.*
BRUTUS. Hark! he is arriv'd.
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS *and his powers.*

CASSIUS. Stand, ho!
BRUTUS. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.
FIRST SOLDIER. Stand!
SECOND SOLDIER. Stand!
THIRD SOLDIER. Stand!
CASSIUS. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.
BRUTUS. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?
CASSIUS. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them—
BRUTUS. Cassius, be content;
Speak your griefs softly: I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.
CASSIUS. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.
BRUTUS. Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—BRUTUS'S *tent.*

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS.

CASSIUS. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella

For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

BRUTUS. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

CASSIUS. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

BRUTUS. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

CASSIUS. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

BRUTUS. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

CASSIUS. Chastisement!

BRUTUS. Remember March, the ides of March remember:
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

CASSIUS. Brutus, bait not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

BRUTUS. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

CASSIUS. I am.

BRUTUS. I say you are not.

CASSIUS. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.
BRUTUS. Away, slight man!
CASSIUS. Is 't possible?
BRUTUS. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
CASSIUS. O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?
BRUTUS. All this? ay, more: fret till your proud heart break;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge,
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I 'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
CASSIUS. Is it come to this?
BRUTUS. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
CASSIUS. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say, better?
BRUTUS. If you did, I care not.
CASSIUS. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.
BRUTUS. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.
CASSIUS. I durst not!
BRUTUS. No.
CASSIUS. What, durst not tempt him!

BRUTUS. For your life you durst not.
CASSIUS. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
BRUTUS. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me:
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection: I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!
CASSIUS. I denied you not.
BRUTUS. You did.
CASSIUS. I did not: he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath riv'd my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
BRUTUS. I do not, till you practise them on me.
CASSIUS. You love me not.
BRUTUS. I do not like your faults.
CASSIUS. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
BRUTUS. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

CASSIUS. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come.
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.
BRUTUS. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark
And straight is cold again.
CASSIUS. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?
BRUTUS. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.
CASSIUS. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
BRUTUS. And my heart too.
CASSIUS. O Brutus!
BRUTUS. What's the matter?
CASSIUS. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?
BRUTUS. Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth,

When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He 'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.
POET. [*Within.*] Let me go in to see the generals ;
There is some grudge between 'em ; 'tis not meet
They be alone.
LUCILIUS. [*Within.*] You shall not come to them.
POET. [*Within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet, *followed by* LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, *and* LUCIUS.

CASSIUS. How now ! what 's the matter ?
POET. For shame, you generals ! what do you mean ?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be ;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.
CASSIUS. Ha, ha ! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme !
BRUTUS. Get you hence, sirrah ; saucy fellow, hence !
CASSIUS. Bear with him, Brutus ; 'tis his fashion.
BRUTUS. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time :
What should the wars do with these jigging fools ?
Companion, hence !
CASSIUS. Away, away, be gone ! [*Exit Poet.*
BRUTUS. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.
CASSIUS. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt* LUCILIUS *and* TITINIUS.
BRUTUS. Lucius, a bowl of wine ! [*Exit* LUCIUS.
CASSIUS. I did not think you could have been so angry.
BRUTUS. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.
CASSIUS. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.
BRUTUS. No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.
CASSIUS. Ha ! Portia !
BRUTUS. She is dead.

CASSIUS. How 'scaped I killing when I cross'd you so ?
O insupportable and touching loss !
Upon what sickness ?
BRUTUS. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong : for with her death
That tidings came : with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.
CASSIUS. And died so ?
BRUTUS. Even so.
CASSIUS. O ye immortal gods !

Re-enter LUCIUS, *with wine and taper.*

BRUTUS. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*
CASSIUS. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup ;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*
BRUTUS. Come in, Titinius ! [*Exit* LUCIUS.

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Welcome, good Messala.
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.
CASSIUS. Portia, art thou gone ?
BRUTUS. No more, I pray you.
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.
MESSALA. Myself have letters of the selfsame tenour.
BRUTUS. With what addition ?
MESSALA. That by proscription and bills of outlawry,

Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.
BRUTUS. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.
CASSIUS. Cicero one!
MESSALA. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?
BRUTUS. No, Messala.
MESSALA. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
BRUTUS. Nothing, Messala.
MESSALA. That, methinks, is strange.
BRUTUS. Why ask you? hear you aught of her in yours?
MESSALA. No, my lord.
BRUTUS. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.
MESSALA. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.
BRUTUS. Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala:
With meditating that she must die once
I have the patience to endure it now.
MESSALA. Even so great men great losses should endure.
CASSIUS. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.
BRUTUS. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?
CASSIUS. I do not think it good.
BRUTUS. Your reason?
CASSIUS. This it is:
'Tis better that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.
BRUTUS. Good reasons must of force give place to better.
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground

Do stand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

CASSIUS. Hear me, good brother.

BRUTUS. Under your pardon. You must note beside,
That we have tried the utmost of our friends.
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

CASSIUS. Then, with your will, go on;
We 'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

BRUTUS. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

CASSIUS. No more. Good night:
Early to-morrow will we rise and hence.

BRUTUS. Lucius! [*Enter* LUCIUS.] My gown. [*Exit* LUCIUS.] Farewell, good Messala:
Good night, Titinius; noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

CASSIUS. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:

Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

BRUTUS. Every thing is well.

CASSIUS. Good night, my lord.

BRUTUS. Good night, good brother.

TITINIUS. MESSALA. Good night, Lord Brutus.

BRUTUS. Farewell, every one.

[*Exeunt all but* BRUTUS.

Re-enter LUCIUS, *with the gown.*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

LUCIUS. Here in the tent.

BRUTUS. What, thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatch'd.
Call Claudius and some other of my men;
I 'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

LUCIUS. Varro and Claudius!

Enter VARRO *and* CLAUDIUS.

VARRO. Calls my lord?

BRUTUS. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

VARRO. So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.

BRUTUS. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here 's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[VARRO *and* CLAUDIUS *lie down.*

LUCIUS. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

BRUTUS. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

LUCIUS. Ay, my lord, an 't please you.

BRUTUS. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
LUCIUS. It is my duty, sir.
BRUTUS. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.
LUCIUS. I have slept, my lord, already.
BRUTUS. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a song.*
This is a sleepy tune. O murderous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think. [*Sits down.*

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me. Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.
GHOST. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.
BRUTUS. Why com'st thou?
GHOST. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.
BRUTUS. Well; then I shall see thee again?
GHOST. Ay, at Philippi.
BRUTUS. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.
[*Exit Ghost.*
Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.

Boy, Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!
Claudius!

LUCIUS. The strings, my lord, are false.

BRUTUS. He thinks he still is at his instrument.
Lucius, awake!

LUCIUS. My lord?

BRUTUS. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

LUCIUS. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

BRUTUS. Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see any thing?

LUCIUS. Nothing, my lord.

BRUTUS. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudius!
[*To* VARRO] Fellow thou, awake!

VARRO. My lord?

CLAUDIUS. My lord?

BRUTUS. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

VARRO. CLAUDIUS. Did we, my lord?

BRUTUS. Ay: saw you any thing?

VARRO. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

CLAUDIUS. Nor I, my lord.

BRUTUS. Go and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

VARRO. CLAUDIUS. It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

SCENE I.—*The plains of Philippi.*

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, *and their* Army.

OCTAVIUS. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.
ANTONY. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.
ANTONY. Octavius, lead your battle softly on.
Upon the left hand of the even field.
OCTAVIUS. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.
ANTONY. Why do you cross me in this exigent?
OCTAVIUS. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.*

Drum. *Enter* BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and their* Army ; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, *and others.*

BRUTUS. They stand, and would have parley.
CASSIUS. Stand fast, Titinius : we must out and talk.
OCTAVIUS. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle ?
ANTONY. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth ; the generals would have some words.
OCTAVIUS. Stir not until the signal.
BRUTUS. Words before blows ; is it so, countrymen ?
OCTAVIUS. Not that we love words better, as you do.
BRUTUS. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.
ANTONY. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words :
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, " Long live ! hail, Cæsar ! "
CASSIUS. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown ;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.
ANTONY. Not stingless too.
BRUTUS. O, yes, and soundless too ;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.
ANTONY. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar :
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet ;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers !
CASSIUS. Flatterers ! Now, Brutus, thank yourself :

This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have ruled.

OCTAVIUS. Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look;
I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds
Be well aveng'd, or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

BRUTUS. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

OCTAVIUS. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

BRUTUS. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

CASSIUS. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller!

ANTONY. Old Cassius still!

OCTAVIUS. Come, Antony, away!
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt* OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, *and their* Army.

CASSIUS. Why, now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

BRUTUS. Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.

LUCILIUS. [*Standing forth.*] My lord?

[BRUTUS *and* LUCILIUS *converse apart.*

CASSIUS. Messala!

MESSALA. [*Standing forth.*] What says my general?

CASSIUS. Messala,
This is my birth-day; as this very day

Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness that against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus strong
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted us:
This morning are they fled away and gone;
And in their steads do ravens, crows and kites
Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

MESSALA. Believe not so.

CASSIUS. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.

BRUTUS. Even so, Lucilius.

CASSIUS. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?

BRUTUS. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself: I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent

The time of life : arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.

CASSIUS. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome ?

BRUTUS. No, Cassius, no : think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome ;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun ;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take :
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius !
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile :
If not, why then this parting was well made.

CASSIUS. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus !
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed ;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

BRUTUS. Why, then, lead on. O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come !
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come, ho ! away !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The field of battle.*

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS *and* MESSALA.

BRUTUS. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side. [*Loud alarum.*
Let them set on at once ; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala : let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—*Another part of the field.*

Alarums. Enter Cassius *and* Titinius.

Cassius. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.
Titinius. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pindarus. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.
Cassius. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?
Titinius. They are, my lord.
Cassius. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops
And here again; that I may rest assur'd
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.
Titinius. I will be here again, even with a thought.
[*Exit.*
Cassius. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.
[Pindarus *ascends the hill.*
This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news?
Pindarus. [*Above.*] O my lord!
Cassius. What news?

PINDARUS. [*Above.*] Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him.
Now, Titinius! Now some light. O, he lights too.
He 's ta'en. [*Shout.*] And, hark! they shout for joy.
CASSIUS. Come down, behold no more.
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!
[PINDARUS *descends.*
Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath;
Now be a freeman: and with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword. [PINDARUS *stabs him.*] Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*
PINDARUS. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*

Re-enter TITINIUS *with* MESSALA.

MESSALA. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.
TITINIUS. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.
MESSALA. Where did you leave him?
TITINIUS. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.
MESSALA. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

TITINIUS. He lies not like the living. O my heart!
MESSALA. Is not that he?
TITINIUS. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun,
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.
MESSALA. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful Error, Melancholy's child,
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O Error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee!
TITINIUS. What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pindarus?
MESSALA. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel and darts envenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.
TITINIUS. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.
[*Exit* MESSALA.
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing!
But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.

By your leave, gods: this is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.
[*Kills himself.*

Alarum. *Re-enter* MESSALA, *with* BRUTUS, *young* CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, *and* LUCILIUS.

BRUTUS. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?
MESSALA. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.
BRUTUS. Titinius' face is upward.
CATO. He is slain.
BRUTUS. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*
CATO. Brave Titinius!
Look, whether he have not crown'd dead Cassius!
BRUTUS. Are yet two Romans living such as these?
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe moe tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.
Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his body:
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come;
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.
Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on:
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the field.*

Alarum. *Enter, fighting,* Soldiers *of both armies; then* BRUTUS, *young* CATO, LUCILIUS, *and others.*

BRUTUS. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!
CATO. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field :
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho !
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend ;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho !

BRUTUS. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I ;
Brutus, my country's friend ; know me for Brutus !
[*Exit, charging the enemy. Young* CATO *is overpowered, and falls.*

LUCILIUS. O young and noble Cato, art thou down ?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius ;
And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.

FIRST SOLDIER. Yield, or thou diest.

LUCILIUS. Only I yield to die :
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight ;
[*Offering money.*
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

FIRST SOLDIER. We must not. A noble prisoner !

SECOND SOLDIER. Room, ho ! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

FIRST SOLDIER. I'll tell the news. Here comes the general.

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

ANTONY. Where is he ?

LUCILIUS. Safe, Antony ; Brutus is safe enough :
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus :
The gods defend him from so great a shame !
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

ANTONY. This is not Brutus, friend ; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth : keep this man safe ;
Give him all kindness : I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whether Brutus be alive or dead ;

And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How every thing is chanc'd.

SCENE V.—*Another part of the field.*

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, *and* VOLUMNIUS.

BRUTUS. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

CLITUS. Statilius show'd the torch-light, but, my lord,
He came not back ; he is or ta'en or slain.

BRUTUS. Sit thee down, Clitus : slaying is the word ;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.
[*Whispering.*

CLITUS. What, I, my lord ? No, not for all the world.

BRUTUS. Peace then ! no words.

CLITUS. I 'll rather kill myself.

BRUTUS. Hark thee, Dardanius. [*Whispering.*

DARDANIUS. Shall I do such a deed ?

CLITUS. O Dardanius !

DARDANIUS. O Clitus ! 10

CLITUS. What ill request did Brutus make to thee ?

DARDANIUS. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

CLITUS. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

BRUTUS. Come hither, good Volumnius ; list a word.

VOLUMNIUS. What says my lord ?

BRUTUS. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night ; at Sardis once,
And this last night here in Philippi fields :
I know my hour is come.

VOLUMNIUS. Not so, my lord. 20

BRUTUS. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes ;

Our enemies have beat us to the pit: [*Low alarums.*
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together:
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

VOLUMNIUS. That 's not an office for a friend, my lord.
[*Alarum still.*

CLITUS. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

BRUTUS. Farewell to you; and you; and you, Volumnius.
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.
[*Alarum. Cry within,* "Fly, fly, fly!"

CLITUS. Fly, my lord, fly.

BRUTUS. Hence! I will follow.
[*Exeunt* CLITUS, DARDANIUS, *and* VOLUMNIUS.
I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

STRATO. Give me your hand first. Fare you well, my lord.

BRUTUS. Farewell, good Strato. [*Runs on his sword.*]
Cæsar, now be still:
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will. [*Dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, *and the* Army.

OCTAVIUS. What man is that ?
MESSALA. My master's man. Strato, where is thy master ?
STRATO. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala :
The conquerors can but make a fire of him ;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.
LUCILIUS. So Brutus should be found. I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.
OCTAVIUS. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me ?
STRATO. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.
OCTAVIUS. Do so, good Messala.
MESSALA. How died my master, Strato ?
STRATO. I held the sword, and he did run on it.
MESSALA. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.
ANTONY. This was the noblest Roman of them all :
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar ;
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man !"
OCTAVIUS. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.
So call the field to rest ; and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*

NOTES

ACT I

NOTE ON THE STRUCTURE OF THE ACT. The construction of this play is, on the whole, admirable. If it be the function of the first act of a drama to *introduce*, to give an exposition of the main situation or problem, and to make the auditors acquainted with the leading personages of the story, then the first act of *Julius Cæsar* splendidly fulfils its purpose. The opening scene gives us the clue to the situation. The excited mobs are rushing about to see "mighty Cæsar" in his triumphal progress; they are to give him a rousing welcome, and then—they are checked by the conservative spirit in the persons of the two tribunes, chiding them for their fickleness and bidding them remember Pompey. An excellent prologue is this to the second scene of the act, the brilliant procession that shows Cæsar in the full tide of glory, passing to the course. Note in this scene of Cæsar's triumph the prefiguring of the tragedy,—a soothsayer bids him beware the ides of March, and from the general crowd emerge the two baleful figures of Brutus and Cassius, hereafter the leading conspirators against Cæsar. The insinuating manner of Cassius, the doubts and perplexities of Brutus,—these are admirably brought out before Cæsar returns. And then again, observe the prevision of the end in Cæsar's

> "Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
> He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.
> . . . . But I fear him not;
> Yet, if my name were liable to fear,
> I do not know the man I should avoid
> So soon as that spare Cassius."

Thus surely does Shakspere strike the keynote. The following talk between Casca and Brutus and Cassius but carries on the same impression of Cæsar's overweening confidence and power and the certainty that

Cassius will induce Brutus to join the conspirators. At the end of the episode this is the situation : the party of Cassius at any moment likely to attempt the overthrow of Cæsar ; will Brutus—the grave, respected man of high ideals, necessary to give the proper sanction to the cause—throw in his lot with the conspirators ? The third scene does not carry further the dramatic idea, unless the securing of Casca be considered very important ; but with its accompaniment of thunder and storm and strange prodigies of nature it gives Shakspere a great opportunity to indulge his love of the weird and ghastly before an occurrence of grim tragic import. A similar effect is created in *Macbeth* by the dire portents of disaster before the murder of King Duncan. In other words, the third scene of the first act of *Julius Cæsar* is a more or less distinct bid for the favour of the groundlings. Its splendid imagery and its poetical power prevent the judicious from grieving at its perhaps unnecessary detail.

SCENE I

"The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar" in the Folio is divided into acts, but not into scenes. The first act is thus indicated : *Actus Primus. Scæna Prima. Enter Flavius, Murellus, and certaine Commoners over the Stage.* The stage direction "Rome : a street" was inserted by Capell. Subsequent acts have the words "*Scæna Prima*" omitted. The name Murellus was changed by Theobald to Marullus, according to the spelling in North's Plutarch.

Shakspeare is generally fortunate in hitting upon strong, natural introductions of this sort ; compare the street fight at the beginning of *Romeo and Juliet*, between the retainers of the rival houses of Montague and Capulet ; the uprising of the plebs against Coriolanus in the beginning of the first scene of *Coriolanus ;* the meeting of the parasites in the house of the spendthrift in the first scene of *Timon of Athens*, and the appearance of the Ghost to the guard, at the very outset, in *Hamlet*. In each case, it is through seemingly unimportant incidents and persons that we get at the keynote of the tragedy.

3. *Being mechanical:* that is, "being mechanics or labourers." It seems hardly necessary to follow Hudson in regarding *mechanical* as an adjective with the sense of a plural substantive. The word *mechanical* now has a different meaning, but the sense of the passage is clear enough. In any case, Shakspere took the word from his Plutarch : "Cobblers, tapsters, or suchlike base mechanical people." The modern tendency is more and more to omit the -al of such adjectives as mechanical, majestical, heroical, etc.

3. *You ought not walk:* See Introduction, § 18. There is still some doubt in Elizabethan English as to the omission or the use of *to* with the infinitive after certain verbs, conceived to have something of the character of auxiliaries. This doubt arose after the dropping of the infinitive termination *-en* and the substitution therefor of the sign *to*. The confusion is well shown in the lines quoted by Guest from *The Mirror for Magistrates:*

> "And though we owe the fall of Troy requite,
> Yet let revenge thereof from gods to light."

4. *A labouring day: Labouring* is here a substantive, not a participle. . . . "*A labouring day* is an expression of the same kind with *a walking stick* or *a riding coat;* in which it is not asserted that the stick walks or that the coat rides; but two substantives being conjoined, the one characterises or qualifies the other,—performs, in fact, the part of an adjective,—just as happens in the expressions *a gold ring, a leather apron, a morning call, the evening bells.*"—*Craik.* In other words, *labouring* is, as Rolfe explains, not the participle, but the verbal noun (or gerund), used as an adjective.

4–5. *Without the sign Of your profession:* Shakspere is, perhaps, thinking of an English law to prevent artisans from going abroad "without the sign of their profession."

5. *What trade art thou:* Note the colloquial omission of the preposition *of*. According to Craik, the trade and the person practising it are used indifferently, the one for the other. Flavius here uses very properly *thou* to an inferior, especially in anger. See Introduction, § 4. For a very interesting discussion of *thou* and *you* in Shakspere, cf. Abbott's *Shaksperian Grammar*, §§ 231–236.

6. *First Commoner:* In the Folio, these commoners are called Car. (Carpenter) and Cob. or Cobl. (Cobbler) respectively.

9. *You, sir, what trade are you:* See Introduction, § 4. Cf. on *thou* above and also observe that "when the appellative 'sir' is used, even in anger, *thou* (according to Abbott, § 232) generally gives place to *you:*

> 'And what wilt *thou* do? Beg, when that is spent?
> Well, *sir*, get *you* in.'—*As You Like It*, i, 1, 79–80."

12–3. *Answer me directly: Cobbler*, we see, was used for any kind of coarse workman; hence, the answer of the second commoner is not sufficiently explicit.

14–6. *A trade . . . which is . . . a mender of bad soles:* This line is cited by Craik to prove that *trade* was used indiscriminately

for the trade or the person practising it. On the word of a cobbler, this statement seems to be true. See on line 5 above.

15–16. *A mender of bad soles:* Puns were in high favour with Elizabethan audiences, as they are to-day with the British auditors at British farces. Shakspere is not beyond indulging in quibbles of this sort even in his most serious passages (note Mark Antony's words when he first sees the body of the murdered Cæsar), and critics have not been slow to condemn his habits in this respect. This long series of puns on soul (sole), awl (all), if you be out (in two senses), and recover (in two senses) is probably but "an appeal to the gallery"; one would like to think Shakspere's better judgment would have rejected it. Cf. the words of Cassius in the next scene, "Now is it Rome indeed and room enough," etc., a line which, in the connection in which it is used, must always grate on sensitive ears. For the cobbler's *sole-soul* quibble compare in *The Merchant of Venice* (iv, 1, 123):

> "Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
> Thou mak'st thy knife keen."

17. *What trade, thou knave:* The Folio gives this line to Flavius.

26. *But with awl. I am indeed, sir:* The Cambridge editor and others adopt this suggestion for the Folio *but withal I am indeed, sir*, etc. It is difficult to see how it improves the original reading, which is more fluent prose and equally intelligible. "What the cobbler means to say is, that although he meddles not with tradesmen's matters, or women's matters, he is withal (making at the same time his little pun) a surgeon to old shoes."—*White.* Another reading is *but with all. I am*, etc.

28. *Proper men:* goodly, well appearing men; a common use in Elizabethan drama. See Introduction, § 41.

28–9. *Neat's leather:* Neat = A. S. neât, cow, ox, and (in plural) cattle. Cf. *Merchant of Venice* (i, 1, 112), "a neat's tongue dried;" also the modern "neat's foot oil."

Several editors have pointed out the use of these two expressions in *The Tempest:* "As proper a man as ever went on four legs" (ii, 2, 58), and "He's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's leather" (ii, 2, 66).

30. *But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day:* Can you assign any reason for the tribune's speaking in verse? Is there anything in his state of mind to account for it? Conversely, why should the

cobbler speak prose ? How do you account for the omission of the subject of *art* ?

34. *To see Cæsar and rejoice in his triumph:* Cæsar's fifth and last triumph, October, B.C. 45. It followed his victory over Gnaeus and Sextus Pompey, at Munda, B.C. 45. Plutarch tells us that this triumph "did as much offend the Romans, and more, than anything that ever he had done before : because he had not overcome captains that were straungers, nor barbarous kings, but had destroyed the sons of the noblest man of Rome, whom fortune had overthrown. And because he had plucked up his race by the roots, men did not think it meet for him to triumph so for the calamities of his country," etc. The unusualness of this proceeding makes the reproach here the more bitter. Shakspere seems to place the triumph in B. C. 44.

43. *Your infants in your arms:* Is this the exact equivalent of the Latin ablative absolute ? Is it a common English construction ?

44–5. *With patient expectation To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:* How much of the effect of these lines is due to the alliteration on *p* ? *P*, *f*, and *v* are, according to Robert Louis Stevenson, the letters of the alphabet most musical in alliteration.

47. *An universal shout:* See Introduction, § 11.

48. *That Tiber trembled:* Do you feel the need of a *so* before this result-clause ? See Introduction, § 33.

49. *Replication:* Echo, reverberation. See Introduction, § 35.

49. *To hear the replication:* A more common idiom would require the gerundive here, *at* or *on hearing*. Cf. in this play, "This disturbed sky Is not *to walk in*" (i, 3, 39–40). See Introduction, § 28.

54. *That comes in triumph:* What is the antecedent of *that* ?

57. *Intermit:* remit, or, better still, avert.

61. *Tiber banks:* See Introduction, § 36, and compare "Here in Philippi fields" (v, 5, 19).

64. *Whether* is pronounced as one syllable, and frequently printed *whe'r* or *whêr*. The Folio reads *where*. This contraction occurs elsewhere in *Julius Cæsar*.

67. *The images* of Cæsar.

68. *Deck'd with ceremonies:* A peculiar expression for *ceremoniously decked*. These ornaments are later referred to as *trophies* (i, 1, 72) and *scarfs* (i, 2, 283).

70. *The feast of Lupercal:* Held in February in honour of Lupercus, identified with Pan. The month was called *Februarius* from *Februus*, another name of the god.

72. *I'll about:* For the omission of the verb, see Introduction, § 22.

73. *The vulgar:* the common people; Latin *vulgus.*

76. *Pitch:* A term in falconry used to denote the height a falcon flies.

SCENE II

The Folio reads *Enter Cæsar, Antony for the Course, Calphurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Caska, a Soothsayer: after them Murellus and Flavius.* Shakspere found the names *Calphurnia* and *Decius* Brutus in North. The names of these people really were Calpurnia and Decimus Brutus.

3. *In Antonius' way:* The Folio reads *Antonio's,* using the Italian form with which the audience and the actors were more familiar. So in the Folio we find *deerer than Pluto's* [Plutus'] *mine* (iv, 3, 101). Antonius at this time was consul as well as priest of the Julian gens, and it was probably as chief of the Julian Luperci that he ran in the sacred course, in which priests all naked, except for a girdle about the loins, ran through the streets of the city, striking whomsoever they met with a thong of goat's hide. This festival of the *Lupercalia* was by way of a general expiation or purification. As Cæsar says, the touch of the thong of hide was supposed to ward off from women "the sterile curse."

15. *Press:* crowd. Not common usage to-day.

18. *The Ides of March:* "In the Roman calendar the Kalends fell on the first day of each month, the Ides on the 15th in March, May, July, September (13th in other months), and the Nones on the 9th day before the Ides (therefore on the 5th or 7th)."

24. *Sennet:* A common word in Shakspere. A peculiar set of notes on a trumpet, used to signal the march of a procession.

25. *Go see the order of the course:* Is this similar to the omission of *to* in "You ought not *walk*" (i, 1, 3)? See Introduction, § 18.

28. *Gamesome:* Fond of games or sport. See Introduction, § 35.

33–4. *That gentleness And show of love as:* For the relative, see Introduction, § 7. *Wont:* accustomed.

Caius Cassius Longinus had married Junia, a sister of Brutus. Both men had recently stood for the chief prætorship of the city, and Brutus had won; hence had come an estrangement between the brothers-in-law. Cæsar's assigning the office to Brutus was another cause of Cassius' animosity toward the dictator. In the following scene, and throughout the play, the student should observe how carefully Shakspere follows the hint in Plutarch: "It is also reported, that Brutus could evil away with the tryanny, and that Cassius hated

the tyrant;" in other words, the distinction is between the idealist and the man with a particular grievance.

41. *Conceptions only proper to myself:* A good instance of the so-called "misplaced *only*." *Proper to myself:* peculiarly my own.

42. *Behaviours:* This plural is antiquated; it is found elsewhere in Shakspere.

45. *Nor construe any further my neglect:* Scan this line for Shakspere's pronunciation of the verb, about which usage is divided to-day.

46. *Than that poor Brutus*, etc.: What is the syntax here?

48. *Mistook:* For the form, see Introduction, § 17.

53. *But by reflection by some other things:* It is impossible to make this a pleasant line, and some editors, following Pope, have changed the second *by* of the Folio to *from*. At best, the line is prosaic. The meaning is that the eye sees itself only by reflection in or from mirrors (compare Cassius' answer), water, or some polished surface. For similar thought and expression compare *Troilus and Cressida* (iii, 3, 105–111),

> "Nor doth the eye itself,
> That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,
> Not going from itself; but eye to eye opposed
> Salutes each other with each other's form;
> For speculation turns not to itself
> Till it hath travell'd and is mirror'd there
> Where it may see itself."

And, in the same play (iii, 3, 47–8),

> "Pride hath no other glass
> To show itself, but pride."

54. *Just:* true.

58. *Your shadow:* your reflected image, as in *Venus and Adonis* (162), "died to kiss his *shadow* in the brook."

58–9. *I have heard Where:* *Where* is here used colloquially but idiomatically. Compare in *Coriolanus* (iv, 1, 16), "Resume that spirit, *when* you were wont to say."

62. *His eyes:* Does *his* refer to Brutus or loosely to "many of the best respect"?

71. *Jealous on me:* This use of *on* for *of* is vulgar to-day. *Jealous:* suspicious or doubtful, as in "That you do love me, I am nothing *jealous*" (i, 2, 162).

72–4. *Were I a common laugher; if you know:* Does this so-called "mixed condition" seem in any way harsh or unnatural?

alike in Shakspere's day. We had rather admit the probability of this than the taste of the quibble in the present circumstances. All critics are agreed in lamenting Shakspere's propensity to play upon words in passages of serious import. Compare note on *souls* and *soles* (i, 1, 15), and *hart* and *heart* (iii, 1, 208–9). Some commentators find the same pun in (iii, 1, 290) "No Rome (room) of safety for Octavius yet." Cf. King John (iii, 1, 79–80):

"O lawful let it be
That I have *room* with *Rome* to curse awhile."

157. *One only man:* one man only.

159. *There was a Brutus once:* Lucius Junius Brutus who, as consul, after the expulsion of the Tarquins, condemned his own sons to death for attempting to bring them back. The Brutus of our play evidently assumes that he is descended from this man; in reality, if Froude is right, he was of good plebeian stock, in no way related to the great Brutus. Concerning this disputed question compare Plutarch (North's translation, ed. Skeat, p. 106): "Now touching his father, some, for the evil will and malice they bare unto Brutus, because of the death of Julius Cæsar, do maintain, that he came not of Junius Brutus that drave out the Tarquins: for there were none left of his race, considering that his two sons were executed for conspiracy with the Tarquins; and that Marcus Brutus came of a mean house, the which was raised to honour and office in the commonwealth but of late time. Posidonius the Philosopher writeth the contrary, that Junius Brutus indeed slew two of his sons which were men grown, as the histories do declare; howbeit that there was a third son, being but a little child at that time, from whom the house and family afterwards was derived: and furthermore, that there were in his time certain famous men of that family, whose stature and countenance resembled much the image of Junius Brutus. And thus much for this matter." Much of the force of Shakspere's tragedy comes from the assumption by Brutus and his friends of Brutus' relationship to the great consul.

159. *Brook'd:* endured, tolerated.

160. *The eternal devil:* Johnson thought Shakspere wrote *infernal* devil. Compare the Yankee use *'tarnal* in "a *'tarnal* shame." The mention of the devil in ancient Rome is of a piece with Casca's "I would I might go to hell among the rogues" (i, 2, 266).

162. *That you do love me,* etc. This speech of Brutus has much

of the laconic style editors find in the more famous address to the multitude (iii, 2, 13 ff). Its short, balanced clauses are far from pleasant to the ear. As usual, Shakspere found the hint in his North's Plutarch (ed. Skeat, p. 107). "They do note in some of his Epistles, that he counterfeited that brief compendious manner of speech of the Lacedæmonians. As when the war was begun, he wrote unto the Pergamenians in this sort: I understand you have given Dolabella money; if you have done it willingly, you confess you have offended me; if against your wills, show it then by giving me willingly. Another time again unto the Samians: Your counsels be long, your doings be slow, consider the end. And in another Epistle he wrote unto the Patareians: The Xanthians despising my good will, have made their country a grave of despair, and the Patareians that put themselves into my protection, have lost no jot of their liberty: and therefore whilest you have liberty, either choose the judgement of the Patareians, or the fortune of the Xanthians. These were Brutus' manner of letters, which were honoured for their briefness."

162. *I am nothing jealous:* I do not doubt.

163. *I have some aim:* I can guess or conjecture.

171. *Chew upon this:* Would the Latin equivalent "ruminate upon this" please us better here?

172. *Had rather:* See Introduction, § 27.

173. *Than to repute:* The use of this grammatically unnecessary *to* rather unpleasantly checks the flow of the thought.

174. *These hard conditions as this time:* For this form of the relative, see Introduction, § 7. The reader should now begin to notice this use for himself, without further direction.

175. *Is like:* a common use in Shakspere for the more customary modern "is likely"

177. *Thus much show of fire:* Wright refers to the description of Ajax's wit in *Troilus and Cressida* (iii, 3, 256): "It lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking." Compare also Brutus' own description of his cold nature (iv, 3, 109, ff),

> "O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
> That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
> Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
> And straight is cold again."

181. *Worthy note:* The omission of the preposition *of* is hardly noticed; it occurs elsewhere in Shakspere.

186. *Such ferret and such fiery eyes:* The red eye is characteristic of the ferret. Note the use of *ferret* as an adjective.

193. *O' nights:* The old genitive ; now used adverbially.

194. *Yond:* Often printed yond' ; but not a contraction of yonder. Old English had the three forms *yon, yond,* and *yonder.*

194. *A lean and hungry look:* For Cæsar's opinion of fat and of lean men, cf. Plutarch (ed. Skeat, p. 97): "Cæsar also had Cassius in great jealousy and suspected him much ; whereupon he said on a time to his friends, 'What will Cassius do, think ye ? I like not his pale looks.' Another time, when Cæsar's friends complained unto him of Antonius and Dolabella that they pretended some mischief towards him ; he answered them again, 'As for those fat men and smooth combed heads,' quoth he, 'I never reckon of them ; but these pale visaged and carrion lean people, I fear them most,' meaning Brutus and Cassius."

204. *He hears no music:* We know from the *Merchant of Venice* (v, 1, 83–5) that Shakspere considers

> "The man that hath no music in himself,
> Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds
> Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

208. *Be:* See Introduction, § 15.

209. *Whiles:* The genitive singular of while (originally a noun): *hwil,* time. Whilst = whil(e)s-t, is a later form. See note on *o' nights,* 193, above.

223. *A-shouting:* An earlier form in English is on shouting. It was the shortening of the preposition to *a-* and its final omission that led to the abandonment of the idiomatic "the house is in (or *a-*) building" (later "the house is building") in favour of the modern and clumsy "the house is being built." Compare *Troilus and Cressida* (i, 3, 159): "'Tis like a chime *a-mending*" ; and *Coriolanus* (iv, 2, 5): "When it was *a-doing.*"

229. *Marry:* This common Shaksperian exclamation is originally from the name of the Virgin Mary.

230. *Gentler:* See Introduction, § 13.

237. *Yet 'twas not a crown, neither:* In Shakspere *neither* is frequently used for emphasis after a negative statement.

239. *Fain:* willingly or gladly.

240. *Then he offered it to him again:* From this point on, note the confusion of reference in Casca's personal pronouns.

244. *Rabblement:* See Introduction, § 35.

244. *Shouted:* The Folio has *howted.*

For the scene described in Casca's speech, compare North's Plutarch, *Life of Antonius* (ed. Skeat, p. 163): "Antonius being one among the rest that was to run, leaving the ancient ceremonies and old customs of that solemnity, he ran to the tribune where Cæsar was set, and carried a laurel crown in his hand, having a royal band or diadem wreathed about it, which in old time was the ancient mark and token of a king. When he was come to Cæsar, he made his fellow runners with him lift him up, and so he did put his laurel crown upon his head, signifying thereby that he had deserved to be king. But Cæsar making as though he refused it, turned away his head. The people were so rejoiced at it, that they all clapped their hands for joy. Antonius again did put it on his head: Cæsar again refused it; and thus they were striving off and on a great while together. As oft as Antonius did put this laurel crown unto him, a few of his followers rejoiced at it: and as oft also as Cæsar refused it, all the people together clapped their hands. And this was a wonderful thing, that they suffered all things subjects should do by commandment of their kings: and yet they could not abide the name of a king, detesting it as the utter destruction of their liberty. Cæsar in a rage arose out of his seat, and plucking down the collar of his gown from his neck, he showed it naked, bidding any man strike off his head that would. This laurel crown was afterwards put upon the head of one of Cæsar's statues or images, the which one of the tribunes plucked off. The people liked his doing therein so well, that they waited on him home to his house, with great clapping of hands. Howbeit Cæsar did turn them out of their offices for it."

253. *The falling sickness:* or epilepsy. Compare Suetonius' *Julius Cæsar*, xlv: "He enjoyed excellent health, except towards the close of his life, when he was subject to fainting fits, and disturbance in his sleep. He was likewise twice seized with the falling sickness while engaged in active service."

257. *Tag-rag people:* Compare *Coriolanus* (iii, 1, 248): "Before the tag return."

259. *As they use to do:* We use this construction now only in the past tense.

263–4. *He pluck'd me ope his doublet:* For the construction of *me*, see Introduction, § 6, and compare (iii, 3, 18) "You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear;" also in *Romeo and Juliet* (iii, 1, 6): "Claps *me* his sword upon the table." The usage is very common in Shakspere.

264. *His doublet:* Shakspere evidently conceived of his Romans as dressed in the habit of his own day; compare also (ii, 1, 73–4) "Their hats are pluck'd about their ears and half their faces buried in their cloaks." The suggestion as to the doublet, however, Shakspere may have received from North's *Life of Julius Cæsar* (ed. Skeat, p. 95), "And tearing open his doublet-collar, making his neck bare, he cried out," etc.

265. *An:* if; a very common word in old English. See Introduction, § 41.

266–7. *To hell among the rogues:* The Roman Casca must have known as little of the Englishman's idea of hell as of the shape of his doublet.

270. *Wenches:* As ordinarily in Shakspere used of a loutish girl, without any special derogatory sense.

281–2. *For mine own part it was Greek to me:* If Plutarch is right (*Life of Marcus Brutus*, ed. Skeat, p. 119), "Casca [at the killing of Cæsar] on the other side cried in Greek, and called his brother to help him." Either Shakspere was ignorant of this supposed knowledge of Casca's, or (as is likely) he makes Casca use the proverb without thinking of its import. In fact, Casca's ideas are strongly English in flavour.

282–3. *Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence:* Suetonius says that Marullus and Flavius simply ordered a laurel wreath encircled with a white fillet (the latter a sign of royalty) to be removed from a statue of Cæsar. "Cæsar," he continues, "being much concerned either that the idea of royalty had been suggested to so little purpose, or, as was said, that he was thus deprived of the merit of refusing it, reprimanded the tribunes very severely, and dismissed them from office." Plutarch's account (*Life of Julius Cæsar*, ed. Skeat, p. 96) is different in detail, but the same in substance: "There were set up images of Cæsar in the city, with diadems upon their heads like kings. Those the two tribunes, Flavius and Marullus, went and pulled down, and furthermore, meeting with them that first saluted Cæsar as king, they committed them to prison. The people followed them rejoicing at it and called them Brutuses, because of Brutus who had in old times driven the kings out of Rome. Cæsar was so offended withal, that he deprived Marullus and Flavius of their tribuneships."

287. *I am promis'd forth:* Shakspere uses *forth* where we should use *out*. Compare *Merchant of Venice* (ii, 5, 11): "I am bid forth to supper, Jessica."

294. *Quick mettle:* of a lively spirit. We still use "mettlesome horses."

307–8. *May be wrought From that it is dispos'd:* For the construction, see Introduction, § 9.

309. *Their likes:* This expression has degenerated in modern English. Careful speakers are chary of saying "The likes of you." Many Shaksperian expressions that have now passed from literary use survive vigorously in the common speech of to-day.

310. *For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd:* The omission of *he,* as subject of *cannot,* is hardly felt.

311. *Caesar doth bear me hard:* This expression (to bear one hard) used three times in *Julius Cæsar,* here, in ii, 1, 215, and in iii, 1, 158, occurs nowhere else in Shakspere. Professor Hales quotes from Ben Jonson's *Catiline,* iv, 5: "Ay, *though he bear me hard,* I yet must do him right." The expression has produced much learned discussion which it is hardly necessary to enter into for the benefit of beginners in Shakspere.

313. *He should not humour me:* The *he* is probably Brutus.

314. *In several hands:* in several handwritings.

316. *All tending to the great opinion:* all showing, or having for their tenour, the great opinion.

319–20. The rhymed couplet was ordinarily used by the Elizabethan dramatists to mark the end of a scene.

Scene III

The Folio reads simply *Thunder, and lightning. Enter Caska, and Cicero.* The other stage directions have been added by Rowe and later editors. See the Introductory Note on the fondness of Shakspere for these disturbances in the elements as accompaniments to events of tragic horror. There is an interval of about one month between this scene and the preceding. From Acts II and III we conjecture that the present scene occurs the night before the death of Cæsar.

1. *Brought:* accompanied.

3. *The sway of earth:* "the balanced swing of earth" (Craik); "the whole weight or momentum of this globe" (Johnson).

4. *Unfirm:* unsteady. "In 'unfirm' the negative is more prominent than in 'infirm.' 'Unfirm' is not firm, while 'infirm' is weak." —*Wright.*

6. *Riv'd:* This verb survives, practically, only in the participle *riven.* Cf. (iv, 3, 84) "Brutus hath *riv'd* my heart."

12. *Saucy:* This word evidently had a wider meaning in Shakspere's day than in ours.

13. *Incenses them to send destruction:* Scan this line. Shakspere frequently makes a dissyllable of the termination *-ion*, just as he frequently slides it over in hypermetric lines like 34, below.

14. *Why, saw you anything more wonderful:* Compare the account of these prodigies in North's Plutarch, *Life of Julius Cæsar* (ed. Skeat, p. 97): "Certainly destiny may easier be foreseen than avoided, considering the strange and wonderful signs that were said to be seen before Cæsar's death. For, touching the fires in the element, and spirits running up and down in the night, and also the solitary birds to be seen at noondays sitting in the great market-place, are not all these signs perhaps worth the noting, in such a wonderful chance as happened? But Strabo the philosopher writeth, that divers men were seen going up and down in fire: and furthermore, that there was a slave of the soldiers that did cast a marvellous burning flame out of his hand, insomuch as they that saw it thought he had been burnt; but when the fire was out, it was found he had no hurt," etc. For another account, compare *Hamlet* (i, 1, 113 ff.):

> "In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
> A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
> The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
> Did speak and gibber in the Roman streets.
> . . . . . .
> As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood," etc.

20–1. *A lion, who: Who* is frequently used for *which*, and *vice versa*, in Elizabethan English. Compare the beginning of the Lord's prayer. See Introduction, § 7.

21. *Glar'd:* Corrected by Rowe from the Folio *glaz'd*.

23. *Upon a heap:* in a crowd. *Heap* is here used in its original Anglo-Saxon meaning. Compare *Richard III* (ii, 1, 53): "Amongst this princely *heap*." See Introduction, § 41.

26. *The bird of night:* Compare *Hamlet* (i, 1, 160): "The bird of dawning."

30. *These are their reasons:* What is the force of *these* in this passage?

32. *Climate:* clime.

35. *Clean from the purpose:* To-day a rather vulgar use. Compare the slang expression, "he is *clean* off."

39–40. *This disturbed sky Is not to walk in:* For the construction,

see Introduction, § 28. Sky : weather ? Abbott (§ 405) explains by supplying fit : This sky is not (fit) to walk in (or under).

42. *What night is this :* Literally this exclamation seems to be a question. For the omission of *a*, see Introduction, § 12.

47. *Submitting me :* See Introduction, § 5.

48. *Unbraced :* Again Shakspere is thinking of the dress of his own time.

49. *The thunder-stone :* The thunder bolt, which was believed to fall with the lightning. Compare *Cymbeline* (iv, 2, 271) :

> "Fear no more the lightning flash,
> Nor the all-dreaded *thunder-stone.*"

50. *Cross blue lightning :* zig-zag blue lightning.

60. *Cast yourself in wonder :* Thus the Folio, but Richard Grant White substitutes "*case* yourself," etc.

62–68. *If you would consider . . . you shall find :* A change from the less vivid to the more vivid future condition. What is the force of the *shall* in the conclusion ?

65. *Why old men fool*, etc.: Mitford's conjecture from the Folio reading, "Why old men, Fooles, and Children calculate."

71. *Unto some monstrous state :* "That is, I suppose, some monstrous or unnatural state of things, not some overgrown commonwealth."—*Craik.*

76. *A man no worthier than thyself or me :* What is the grammatical construction of *me ?* Compare our colloquial "it is *me.*" See Introduction, § 1.

81. *Like to their ancestors :* Modern usage is more inclined to omit the *to* after *like.*

82. *Woe the while :* a shorter form of *Woe worth the while !* (Worth from the Anglo-Saxon *wirþan*, to become.)

83. *Govern'd with :* Still used for govern'd *by.* Compare (iii, 2, 197) : "Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, *with* traitors." See Introduction, § 30.

87. *And he shall wear his crown :* Explain this use of *shall* with the third person.

93. *Nor stony tower, nor walls : Nor . . . nor* and *or . . . or* for the less poetical *neither . . . nor* and *either . . . or* is rather common in this play.

102. *To cancel :* A pun with bondman, in the line above.

106. *He were no lion, were not Romans hinds :* Thoroughly analyse this sentence, explaining the form of the verbs.

114. *My answer must be made:* "I shall be called to account and must answer as for seditious words" (Johnson).

116–7. *Such a man That*, etc.: See Introduction, § 7.

117. *Fleering:* grinning, sneering.

118. *Be factious:* get up a faction or party.

120. *As who goes farthest:* as whoever goes farthest.

123. *Undergo:* undertake.

124. *Honourable-dangerous:* See Introduction, § 37. Compare in *Troilus and Cressida* (iv, 2, 14): "With wings more momentary-swift than thought."

126. *In Pompey's porch:* "The Theatre and Curia of Pompey were in the Campus Martius, and it was here, according to Plutarch, that the Senate met and Cæsar was assassinated; but Shakspere transfers the scene of the assassination to the Capitol and makes Pompey's theatre the place where the conspirators met."—*Wright.*

129. *In favour's like:* Johnson's conjecture for "Is Fauors," etc., of the Folio.

130. *Most bloody, fiery*, etc.: Dyce reads "Most bloody-fiery." Cf. *honourable-dangerous*, above.

137. *What a fearful night is this:* Compare note on "What night is this!" (line 42, above).

138. *There's two or three of us:* colloquial, if not grammatical, to this day. See Introduction, § 23.

143. *In the prætor's chair:* See North's Plutarch (ed. Skeat, p. 112): "But for Brutus, his friends and countrymen, both by divers procurements and sundry rumours of the city, and by many bills also, did openly call and procure him to do that he did. For under the image of his ancestor Junius Brutus (that drave the kings out of Rome) they wrote: 'O, that it pleased the gods that thou wert now alive, Brutus!' and again, 'that thou wert here among us now!' His tribunal or chair, where he gave audience during the time he was Prætor, was full of such bills: 'Brutus, thou art asleep, and art not Brutus indeed.'"

As to Brutus and the prætorship, see note on i, 2, 33–4.

146. *Old Brutus' statue:* As to the force of thus connecting Marcus Brutus with Lucius Junius Brutus, see note on i, 2, 159.

148. *Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there:* See note on line 137, above. On the spelling *Decius*, see note at the beginning of Scene ii.

150. *Hie:* hasten. Compare *Hamlet* (i, 1, 154):

> "The extravagant and erring spirit hies
> To his confine."

152. *Pompey's theatre:* a huge stone edifice seating 40,000 people.

154–5. *Three parts of him Is:* See on line 148, above.

159. *Alchemy:* the old art of turning base metals into gold.

162. *Conceited:* imagined. This meaning has survived in rural districts. "It is only your conceit" means sometimes "it is only your imagination."

QUESTIONS

1. What is the dramatic effect of the first scene of the act? 2. What bearing has it on later scenes? 3. Does it represent in a general or in a particular way the feeling of those opposed to Cæsar? 4. What ideal of Roman citizenship is typified in Flavius and Marullus? 5. Are your sympathies excited for or against these tribunes? Why? 6. Can you get at their feelings from the style and cadence of the language they use? 7. Can you find, in the attitude of the "Commoners," anything to indicate the state of the Roman mind toward the old constitutional form of government? 8. Would this seem to show any degeneracy on the part of the Roman *plebs?* 9. How much of the history of Rome do you know, leading up to the events described in our play? 10. Was Cæsar a unique development in Roman history, or was he the last of a line of innovators?

11. What do you imagine to have been in Shakspere's day the stage picture at the beginning of the second scene? 12. Did it at all approach the Rome with which the real Cæsar must have been familiar? 13. Can you imagine this stage pageant as a bit of ancient Rome, its composition as to buildings, costumes of the actors, etc.? 14. What is the effect on the audience of the words of the soothsayer? 15. Can you judge of Cæsar's state of mind by his reply to the soothsayer? 16. Is there any special fitness in making Brutus say, "A soothsayer bids you beware the Ides of March"? 17. Can you notice any manifestation of character in the speech and language of Brutus and of Cassius? 18. Is there any difference in effect between the speeches of the two men? 19. If so, to what do you attribute it? 20. To which of these men do your sympathies go out most directly? 21. Why does Cassius wish to win Brutus to his side? 22. Why does Cassius recall to Brutus the deeds of Lucius Junius Brutus? 23. What is the dramatic significance of this? 24. What is your idea of the appearance of Brutus and of Cassius? 25. Why does Casca speak prose? 26. What was the character of Casca? How do you know? 27. What idea do you get of Cæsar and of Antony from the brief speeches accorded them in this scene? 28. Can

you make the speech of Cassius at the end of the scene fall in line with your conception of his character? 29. Is there a suggestion of ignobleness in it? 30. Whence does this suggestion come?

31. Do you see the dramatic propriety of the third scene? 32. What do you think of the poetry in which the prodigies and portents are told? 33. Can you parallel this scene with similar bits from your own reading? 34. Does the portrait of Cicero agree with what you know of the man? 35. Is there any difference between the Casca of this scene and the Casca of the preceding scene? 36. In what does this difference consist and to what do you attribute it? 37. Does your impression of Cassius receive any strengthening in this scene? 38. Does his character seem to have developed in any way? 39. What is your opinion of the whole act—as to structure, development, and general interest?

ACT II

NOTE ON THE STRUCTURE OF THE ACT.—The two things necessary for the poet's scheme in this act are (1) to show the completion of the plans of the conspirators and (2) to trace the development in the character of Brutus which leads him to join against Cæsar. The latter is the more important from the standpoint of Shakspere, who has made Brutus his chief character. In the first act we see this noble Roman perplexed, and vacillating between his love for Cæsar and his love for his country. At the first of the second act, he is clearly about to let the latter prevail; the virus of Cassius' words has entered his soul. There is but a brief struggle further, an anonymous letter or two, and lo! he is ready to meet the conspirators. That midnight meeting in Brutus' orchard is, on the stage, a picture of grim fascination; it is the undercurrent of the stream on which Cæsar is riding, quite unconscious, to his doom; and it is in high contrast to Cæsar's festal procession in Act I. Here, too, occurs the first difference of opinion between Brutus and Cassius, with the invariable and inevitable result. Brutus wins and Antony is not to die with Cæsar,—Brutus' first great political error. The scene between Brutus and Portia, after the conspirators leave, though one of the most charming in Shakspere, is of little dramatic value to the play, except as added evidence to the nobleness of the character of Brutus. The second scene—in Cæsar's palace—at the beginning merely recounts incidents similar to those described in Act I, Scene III; here, however, the audience sees Cæsar apply the prodigies particularly to himself. The

passage depicts the next stage in the progress toward the climax,—Cæsar consents to go to the Capitol, where, as the spectator knows, the conspirators mean to slay him. The third and fourth scenes are almost anti-climax after this great moment of the play; the first merely shows Artemidorus preparing to warn Cæsar, the second gives a pretty development of the character of Portia. Neither is essential to the main action, and both might be omitted in representation.

Scene I

The Folio reads, *Enter Brutus in his Orchard.* It will be noted that *orchard* in Shakspere generally means garden; cf. "the private arbours and new-planted *orchards*" (iii, 2, 250). Some of the action of *Much Ado about Nothing* takes place in Leonato's orchard; the King in *Hamlet* was slain, "sleeping in his orchard"; Romeo and Juliet exchanged their vows of love in Capulet's orchard; and, finally, Sir Andrew Aguecheek "saw't i' the orchard" that Olivia did "more favours to the count's serving man than ever she bestowed upon me" (*Twelfth Night*, iii, 2, 4–6).

10. *It must be by his death*, etc.: Note the resemblance in general style and movement between this soliloquy and Hamlet's famous soliloquy (*Hamlet*, iii, 1, 56 ff.):

> "To be, or not to be: that is the question:
> Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
> The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
> Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
> And by opposing end them. To die: to sleep;
> No more; and by a sleep to say we end," etc.;

one of the resemblances that would point to the near proximity of the two plays in time of production. On this soliloquy of Brutus, with its curious reasoning, compare Coleridge:

"Surely nothing can seem more discordant with our historical preconceptions of Brutus, or more lowering to the intellect of the Stoico-Platonic tyrannicide, than the tenets here attributed to him—to him, the stern Roman republican; namely, that he would have no objection to a king, or to Cæsar, a monarch in Rome, would Cæsar but be as good a monarch as he now seems disposed to be! How, too, could Brutus say that he found no personal cause—none in Cæsar's past conduct as a man? Had he not crossed the Rubicon? Had he not entered Rome as a conqueror? Had he not placed his Gauls in the Senate?"

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11. *Spurn at him:* For the more usual construction, compare "I spurn thee like a cur out of my way" (iii, 1, 46).

12. *For the general:* because of the people or the community—not for the general cause. Compare *Hamlet* (ii, 2, 430), "For the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to *the general*"; and *Troilus and Cressida* (i, 3, 340):

> "For the success,
> Although particular, shall give a scantling
> Of good or bad unto *the general.*"

15. *And that craves wary walking:* "It might be questioned whether *that* here be the demonstrative (as it is generally considered), or the relative (to the antecedent 'the bright day')."—*Craik.*

19. *Remorse:* usually in Shakspere, *mercy* or *pity.* Here it seems to mean *conscience* or *reason*—possibly *consideration of consequences:* "I have not known when his affections sway'd more than his *reason.*" For this meaning, compare *Troilus and Cressida* (ii, 2, 113 ff.):

> "Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
> Of divination in our sister work
> Some touches of *remorse?* or is your blood
> So madly hot that no *discourse of reason,*
> Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
> Can qualify the same?"

20. *Affections:* passions, as often in Shakspere.

21. *Proof:* object of proof.

24. *Upmost: uppermost* is now more common. Compare on *uttermost* (ii, 1, 213).

26. *The base degrees:* the lower steps; the original meaning of *degrees* is seen in this passage.

31. *These and these extremities:* such and such extremities. Cf. "*These* are their reasons" (i, 3, 30).

34. *And kill him in the shell:* There is a momentary confusion in the mind of the reader as to the subject of *kill.* Some editors remove the difficulty by placing a semicolon after *dangerous.*

35. *Burneth:* Lucius is rather fond of large, quaint expressions. Compare his "Sir, March is wasted fifteen days" (ii, 1, 59).

36–7. *I found This paper thus seal'd up:* It will be remembered that Cassius at the end of the second scene of the first act threatened to throw that night several such papers "in several hands" in at Brutus' windows. In the last scene of the same act he directs Cinna to "throw

this [paper] in at his window." The result is seen in Brutus' remark below : "Such instigations have been often dropp'd where I have took them up."

40. *To-morrow :* It was already past midnight.

40. *The Ides of March :* Theobald's change for the Folio reading, "The *first* of March."

44. *The exhalations :* the wonders described in Act I, Scene III.

50. *Where I have took them up :* Explain the form *took*.

53. *My ancestors :* Shakspere's Brutus seems to have no doubt of his ancestry, such as that hinted at in the note on i, 2, 159.

59. *March is wasted fifteen days :* the Folio reading, which Theobald changed to "March is wasted *fourteen* days." Yet Lucius computed as the ordinary Englishman or Roman would have done.

65. *Phantasma :* vision or nightmare. Compare the modern form *phantom*.

66. *The genius and the mortal instruments :* the spiritual and the bodily powers.

67. *The state of man :* The Folio reads "the state of *a* man."

69. *The nature of an insurrection :* something like an insurrection.

70. *Your brother Cassius :* It will be remembered that Cassius had married Brutus' sister, Junia.

72. *Moe :* more. See Introduction, § 35.

73. *Their hats are pluck'd about their ears :* Compare the note on *doublet* (i, 2, 264). "The Roman *pileus* was a close-fitting cap of felt without any brim ; and the *petasus* was only worn to keep off the sun. Shakspere dressed his Romans in the slouched hats of his own time."—*Wright.*

76. *By any mark of favour :* Another of Lucius' quaint circumlocutions.

77. *O conspiracy :* This soliloquy of Brutus seems a little forced and hollow. It should be noted that the tendency in modern drama is to do away entirely with soliloquies and "asides," which certainly are unnatural and helpless devices to give to the auditor information as to the state of mind of the character who employs them.

78. *Sham'st thou :* used intransitively, as in Macbeth, ii, 2, 64–5 : "I *shame* To wear a heart so white."

83. *For if thou path :* See Introduction, § 38. The Folio reading and perhaps a misprint ; but the meaning is clear enough without stirring up linguistic bugbears.

84. *Erebus :* here used for the lower world in general.

85. *Prevention:* in its original sense of anticipation (that would lead to *prevention* in the modern meaning of the word).

90–91. *And no man here But honors you:* Parse *but.*

95. *Decius Brutus:* On the form *Decius,* compare note, page 94.

99. *Betwixt:* now somewhat antiquated, and even inelegant in comparison with *between.*

101. *Here lies the east:* This discussion as to the points of the compass and the position of the sun is one of the most delightfully natural and human touches in the play. Compare Cæsar's "Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf" (i, 2, 213).

104. *Fret:* bar or cross. See Skeat, on the noun *fret:* "a kind of grating. . . . A term in heraldry, meaning a bearing composed of bars crossed and interlaced."

108. *Weighing:* The participle does not qualify *sun,* but refers to the speaker: that is, "considering," or "when one considers."

114. *No, not an oath:* Compare North's Plutarch, *Life of Marcus Brutus* (ed. Skeat, p. 114): "Furthermore, the only name and great calling of Brutus did bring on the most of them to give consent to this conspiracy: who, having never taken oaths together, nor taken or given any caution or assurance, nor binding themselves one to another by any religious oaths, they all kept the matter so secret to themselves, and could so cunningly handle it, that notwithstanding the gods did reveal it by manifest signs and tokens from above, and by predictions of sacrifices, yet all this would not be believed."

The grammatical structure of Brutus' speech in the play is more obscure than the sense. As to the similar broken construction of Brutus when he learns of the death of his wife, Craik says: "This speech is throughout a striking exemplification of the tendency of strong emotion to break through the logical forms of grammar, and of how possible it is for language to be perfectly intelligible sometimes, with the grammar in a more or less chaotic or uncertain state."

115. *Sufferance:* suffering. See Introduction, § 41.

118. *High-sighted tyranny:* Wright compares the lines at the end of the first scene of Act I,

> "Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
> Who else would soar above the view of men."

Note also the description of "young ambition" in the beginning of the scene now going on (ii, 1, 22 ff.):

"That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
. . . . . .
Looks in the clouds," etc.

123. *What need we any spur: Why* need we?

125. *That have spoke:* See on line 50, above.

126. *Palter:* quibble, equivocate.

129. *Cautelous:* wary, suspicious, crafty, deceitful. See Introduction, §35, and compare *Coriolanus* (iv, 1, 33): "With *cautelous* baits and practices"; and *Hamlet* (i, 3, 15): "And now no soil nor *cautel* doth besmirch the virtue of his will."

130–2: *Old, feeble carrions . . . that; such creatures . . . as:* The close juxtaposition of these two forms of the correlative construction shows the laxness of usage in Shakspere's day.

133. *The even virtue:* the equable or lofty virtue.

134. *Insuppressive:* not to be suppressed. Shakspere is rich in examples of the adjective termination *-ive*, where modern usage has *-ible, -ent, or -ed.* A famous instance occurs in *As You Like It* (iii, 2, 10): "The fair, the chaste, the *unexpressive* she." *Troilus and Cressida* has numerous beautiful examples of this habit, of which the following (i, 3, 19–21) is as good as any:

"Naught else
But the *protractive* trials of great Jove
To find *persistive* constancy in men."

138. *Several:* separate, individual.

144–5. *Silver hairs. Will purchase:* One dislikes to find here the pun that certain editors point out.

148. *No whit:* nothing; not at all—Anglo-Saxon *hwit*, a thing, a particle, bit.

150. *Break with him:* break our plot to him.

151. *He will never follow*, etc.: This description of Cicero aptly fits the man who lost all in trying to keep the mastery of Rome that Cæsar wrested from him. The history of the last days of the republic might have been very different could Cicero have joined his great powers to those of Cæsar. After the death of Cæsar, Cicero allied himself with the conspirators, lauded their action, and expressed regret that he had not been of their number.

157. *We shall find of him:* We shall find *in* him. See Introduction, § 30.

162. *Our course will seem too bloody:* This underestimating of Antony and allowing him to live was Brutus' first mistake in policy. His next fatal mistakes were (1) the permitting Antony to speak "in Cæsar's funeral" and (2) his plan of battle at Philippi. In all three cases his judgment over-ruled the sounder, more practical advice of Cassius.

164. *Envy:* malice.

166. *Let us be sacrificers but not butchers, Caius:* Scan this line and the next one.

177–8. *This shall make Our purpose necessary:* Supply *seem* or *appear* before *necessary*, and notice *appearing* in the next line.

180. *We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers:* Scan this line and compare line 166, above.

184. *Ingrafted love:* that is, love deeply grafted in his nature.

192. *The clock hath stricken three:* What should you say of this anachronism? For *stricken*, see Introduction, § 17.

194. *Whether Cæsar will come forth today, or no:* How is the first word of the verse to be pronounced?

195. *For he is superstitious grown of late:* Plutarch notes this change that took place in Cæsar's character the year before his death. The more natural bent of his character is shown in his speech (ii, 2, 32 ff.) beginning, "Cowards die many times before their death."

204. *That unicorns may be betray'd with trees:* "Unicorns," Steevens comments, "are said to have been taken by one who, running behind a tree, eluded the violent push the animal was making at him, so that his horn spent its force on the trunk and stuck fast, detaining the beast till he was despatched by the hunter."

205. *And bears with glasses, elephants with holes:* "Bears," says Steevens, "are reported to have been surprised by means of a mirror, which they would gaze on, affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking a surer aim. Elephants were seduced into pitfalls lightly covered with hurdles and turf, on which a proper bait to tempt them was exposed. See Pliny's *Natural History*, Book viii."

206. *Toils:* nets or snares.

207. *But when I tell him*, etc.: Decimus Brutus was one of the men Cæsar most loved and trusted. He had been with Cæsar through many campaigns and was named as second heir in Cæsar's will. His treachery seems blacker than that of almost any other of the conspirators.

213. *Uttermost:* now less common than *utmost.* Compare *upmost* (ii, 1, 24).

215. *Doth bear Cæsar hard:* See note on i, 2, 311.

220. *Fashion him:* mould him or win him to our cause.

224. *Fresh and merrily:* Are these conjoined words of the same part of speech ?

226. *Bear it:* bear what ?

229. *Fast asleep:* This habitual sleepiness of Lucius, and Brutus' kindly reflections thereon, form one of the most natural and beautiful notes of the entire play. Compare the similar scene in iv, 3, 254 ff. The contrast between Brutus' excited state of mind and the boy's care-free condition is charmingly portrayed.

231. *No figures:* no cares or concerns.

231. *Nor no fantasies:* Shakspere has been known even to triple negatives. See *Twelfth Night* (iii, 1, 156–7), "*Nor never none* Shall mistress be of it."

233. *Brutus, my lord:* This famous scene has been compared to the equally famous scene between Hotspur and his wife in the first part of *King Henry IV* (ii, 3). But the scenes are similar mainly in the fact that in each a wife tries to learn from her husband a secret of great political import. The light-hearted Lady Percy is as different from the noble Portia as Hotspur's contemptuous treatment of her is different from Brutus' loving and respectful treatment of his wife.

237–8. *You've . . . stole:* Compare "Where I *have took* them up" (ii, 1, 50).

240. *Your arms across:* that is, folded.

246. *Wafture:* wave. The Folio has "wafter."

250–1. *Humour, Which sometime hath his hour:* Comment on *his* in this line.

255. *Dear my lord:* This position of the adjective and the possessive pronoun is common in earnest address in Shakspere.

261. *Is Brutus sick:* Rolfe quotes from Richard Grant White: "For *sick*, the correct English adjective to express all degrees of suffering from disease, and which is universally used in the Bible and by Shakspere, the Englishman of Great Britain has poorly substituted the adverb *ill.*"

261. *Physical:* wholesome or healthful. Compare *Coriolanus* (i, 5, 18–9): "The blood I drop is rather *physical* Than dangerous to me."

263. *Dank:* Does this word give a better picture than would *damp* or *moist ?* Note the high poetical quality of many of these lines of Portia's.

266. *Rheumy:* that causes colds or rheum.

271. *I charm:* I appeal by charms, as an enchanter or magician.

275. *Heavy* at heart.

283. *In sort or limitation:* in a limited sense or manner.

289–90. *The ruddy drops That visit my sad heart:* Shakspere knew of the general fact of the circulation of the blood, though Harvey's scientific discovery of the *modus operandi* of it was not published till 1628—twelve years after Shakspere's death.

295. *A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter:* Marcus Cato, "the last of the Romans," was always opposed to Cæsar. He was a narrow-minded man, bent on an impossible task—the bringing back of the republic to a government already imperial except in name. Cato was the great conservative check to progress. He killed himself after Cæsar's victory over the followers of Pompey.

297. *So father'd and so husbanded:* Compare on *scandal* (i, 2, 76).

300. *Giving myself a voluntary wound:* Compare North's Plutarch, *Life of Brutus* (ed. Skeat, pp. 115–6): "His wife Porcia (as we have told you before) was the daughter of Cato, whom Brutus married being his cousin, not a maiden, but a young widow after the death of her first husband Bibulus. . . . This young lady being excellently well seen in philosophy, loving her husband well, and being of a noble courage, as she was also wise: because she would not ask her husband what he ailed, before she had made some proof by herself: she took a little razor, such as barbers occupy to pare men's nails, and causing her maids and women to go out of her chamber gave herself a great gash withal in her thigh, that she was straight all of a gore blood: and incontinently after, a vehement fever took her, by reason of the pain of her wound. Then perceiving her husband was marvellously out of quiet, and that he could take no rest, even in her greatest pain of all, she spake in this sort unto him: 'I being, O Brutus (said she) the daughter of Cato, was married unto thee: not to be thy bedfellow, and companion in bed and at board only, like a harlot, but to be partaker also with thee of thy good and evil fortune. Now for thyself, I can find no cause of fault in thee touching our match: but for my part, how may I show my duty towards thee, and how much I would do for thy sake, if I cannot constantly bear a secret mischance or grief, with thee, which requireth secrecy and fidelity? I confess, that a woman's wit commonly is too weak to keep a secret safely: but yet, Brutus, good education, and the company of virtuous men, have some power to reform the defect of nature. And for myself, I have this benefit

moreover, that I am the daughter of Cato, and wife of Brutus. This notwithstanding, I did not trust to any of these things before, until that now I have found by experience, that no pain or grief whatsoever can overcome me.' With those words she showed him her wound on her thigh, and told him what she had done to prove herself. Brutus was amazed to hear what she said unto him, and lifting up his hands to heaven, he besought the goddesses to give him the grace he might bring his enterprise to so good pass, that he might be found a husband, worthy of so noble a wife as Porcia: so he then did comfort her the best he could."

For the "well-reputed" Portia, compare *The Merchant of Venice* (i, 1, 165):

> "Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
> To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia."

308. *Charactery:* writing by characters? See Introduction, § 35.

311. *Spake:* See Introduction, § 16. There is always an effect of dignity about this form of the preterite.

313. *Vouchsafe:* (here) deign to accept.

314. *Chose:* Compare *stole* (ii, 1, 238).

315. *To wear a kerchief:* Evidently a habit of the sick in Shakspere's day. The editors reproduce Malone's quotation from Fuller's *Worthies of Cheshire* (p. 180): "if any there be sick, they make him a posset, and *tye a kerchief* on his head."

322. *Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins:* See note on ii, 1, 53.

323. *Exorcist:* Shakspere uses the word for one who raises spirits, rather than for one who drives them out.

324. *Mortified:* dead. Compare *Henry V* (i, 1, 26): "His wildness, *mortified* in him, Seem'd to die too."

330–1. *As we are going To whom it must be done:* On the construction, compare Introduction, § 9.

Scene II

The Folio reads, *Thunder and Lightning. Enter Julius Cæsar in his Night-gowne* [*i.e.*, dressing-gown]. This scene represents the next important stage in the conspiracy—the inducing of Cæsar to attend the meeting of the Senate, at which his life is to be sacrificed. Note how easily the poet found the material for the scene in his North's Plutarch, *Life of Julius Cæsar* (ed. Skeat, pp. 98–9).

The contrast between Calpurnia, the yielding wife, and Portia, the brave, heroic woman, should be noted. These two matrons, in their strongly contrasted characters, prove that "Shakspere never repeats himself."

1. *Nor heaven nor earth have been,* etc.: Shakspere usually follows this *nor . . . nor* construction, if the nouns be singular, with a singular verb. Compare Introduction, § 24.

6. *Their opinions of success:* Their opinions of the issue (Craik); their opinion of what is to follow (Hudson); "here and in v, 3, 65, denotes good fortune; but in many cases it is a colourless word, signifying merely 'issue,' 'result,' which has to be qualified by some adjective, as good or ill."—*Wright.*

8. *What mean you, Cæsar? think you to walk forth:* Compare Brutus' "Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?" (ii, 1, 234).

10. *Cæsar shall forth:* Comment on the absence of a verb of motion. See Introduction, § 22.

13. *Ceremonies:* religious omens or prophecies. Compare ii, 1, 197.

16. *Most horrid sights seen by the watch:* In addition to the prodigies Calpurnia tells of, recall the incidents related in the third scene of the first act.

18. *And graves have yawn'd and yielded up their dead:* Compare *Hamlet* (i, 1, 115–6):

> "The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
> Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets."

22. *Hurtled:* clashed.

24. *And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets:* Compare the line from *Hamlet* above, "Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets."

25. *Beyond all use:* beyond all we are accustomed to.

26. *What can be avoided,* etc.: This speech and the next one of Cæsar's are more in keeping with his character as we find it in history—particularly during his early life. Compare the note on ii, 1, 195.

42. *Cæsar should be a beast,* etc.: What is the force of *should* in both members of this conditional sentence?

57. *Here's Decius Brutus:* Decimus Brutus, by reason of Cæsar's trust in him (see note on ii, 1, 207), was well chosen to bend Cæsar to the purpose of the conspirators.

67. *Afeard:* still heard in vulgar parlance. This word illustrates

the descent expressions often make from literary to inelegant use. Compare, in line 101, below, "Lo, Cæsar is *afraid.*"

74. *Because I love you:* Compare what has been said above on the relations between Cæsar and Decimus Brutus.

75. *Stays me at home:* See Introduction, § 40.

76. *Statuë:* A trisyllable. To mark the trisyllable, Dyce and others printed *statua,* which, although it is found in Bacon, does not occur in early editions of Shakspere.

89. *For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance:* The average reader can see very well what this line means, but if he desires to learn how much commentators can do to puzzle themselves, let him refer to Craik: "*Tinctures* and *stains* are understood both by Malone and Steevens as carrying an allusion to the practice of persons dipping their handkerchiefs in the blood of those whom they regarded as martyrs. And it must be confessed that the general strain of the passage, and more especially the expression 'shall *press* for tinctures,' etc., will not easily allow us to reject this interpretation. Yet does it not make the speaker assign to Cæsar by implication the very kind of death Calphurnia's apprehension of which he professes to regard as visionary?

"Johnson takes both *tinctures* and *cognizance* in the heraldic sense as meaning distinctive marks of honour and armorial bearings (in part denoted by colours). But the stains and relics are not to be so easily accounted for on this supposition; neither would it be very natural to say that men should press to secure such distinctions. The speech altogether, Johnson characterises as 'intentionally pompous' and 'somewhat confused.'"

97. *Apt to be render'd:* Apt to be returned or answered (at any time).

104. *Reason to my love is liable:* Reason is subject to, or controlled by, my love.

105. *How foolish do your fears seem,* etc.: Cæsar's vacillation is equalled only by his illogical reasoning.

108. *Publius:* not one of the conspirators; referred to (probably) in iii, 1, 87, as "quite confounded with this mutiny."

109. *Welcome, Publius:* Note the charming ease and cordiality of Cæsar's greetings throughout this scene. He seems for a moment to become his old self.

110. *Are you stirr'd:* A more modern use would require, "Are you astir," or "stirring."

111. *Caius Ligarius:* For his relations to Cæsar, compare ii, 1, 215.

114. *'Tis strucken eight:* Compare "*stricken* three" (ii, 1, 192).

116. *O' nights:* The Folio reads "a-nights." See on i, 2, 193.

118. *So to most noble Antony:* What is this *so*?

121. *Hour's:* here a dissyllable.

126. *Taste some wine with me:* "It is acknowledged, even by his enemies, that in regard to wine Cæsar was abstemious. A remark is ascribed to Marcus Cato that 'Cæsar was the only sober man amongst all those who were engaged in the design to subvert the government.'" —Suetonius, *Julius Cæsar*, liii. Of course, Froude makes much of this commendation.

SCENE III

The Folio simply reads *Enter Artemidorus*, without any indication of a new scene.

6–8. *Look about you . . . The . . . gods defend thee:* Account, if possible, for the change of number in the pronoun.

8. *Thy lover:* For this use of *lover*, see on iii, 2, 13.

12. *Emulation:* jealous or factious rivalry. Compare *Troilus and Cressida* (i, 3, 133): "An envious fever Of pale and bloodless emulation."

14. *Contrive:* plot, conspire.

SCENE IV

The Folio, of course, merely reads *Enter Portia and Lucius*. This scene is one of the most charming in the play, though it perhaps does little to develop the main stream of action. The wifely fears and imaginings, and the rambling talk of Portia—whom Brutus seems, somehow, to have told of the "action toward"—are well contrasted with the matter-of-fact replies of our little friend Lucius; replies which show a straightforwardness of expression somewhat at variance with the method of the boy's speeches earlier in the act.

6. *Constancy:* It will be remembered that Brutus advises (ii, 1, 227) the conspirators to "bear it . . . with untir'd spirits and formal *constancy*."

14. *For he went sickly forth:* a hint of Elizabethan grandiloquence.

18. *Rumour:* as frequently, in its Latin sense, of bruit or noise.

20. *Sooth:* a frequent use in Shakspere. The Anglo-Saxon adjective *sōð*, true, seems later to have been used as a noun, meaning truth. The word is here used adverbially; sometimes we find the

expressions "in sooth" or "in good sooth." Compare the noun *sooth*-sayer.

27. *Thou hast some suit to Cæsar:* Compare in *Much Ado about Nothing* (ii, 1, 210): "The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you."

37. *A place more void:* a place more open (as opposed to the idea in "Here the street is narrow"); or a place less crowded (compare "The throng that follows him at heels").

42. *Brutus hath a suit*, etc.: evidently an explanation of her conduct, addressed to the boy.

QUESTIONS

1. What sort of garden do you imagine Shakspere conceived this of Brutus' to have been—English or Roman? 2. Can you picture it as Roman, from your knowledge of ancient Rome? 3. Do you notice anything at variance with your idea of the character of Brutus in the soliloquy at the beginning of the act? 4. What is Brutus' attitude toward the boy Lucius? 5. What suggestion as to the natural feelings of Brutus do you receive from his treatment of this servant? 6. What expectation do you have, up to the time of the entrance of Cassius and the other conspirators, of Brutus' ultimate decision concerning the conspiracy? Why? 7. What simple, natural touches do you find in the talk immediately after "the faction" enter? 8. Do these touches heighten the dramatic effect of the scene? 9. Can you justify the high moral stand of Brutus as regards the question of killing Antony? 10. Why do you suppose the other conspirators yield so readily to his opinions? 11. Can you find grounds in his speech and action for the esteem in which they hold him? 12. Does the entire scene of the midnight meeting seem to you dramatic and interesting? Why? 13. Does the scene between Brutus and Portia, the only important scene for a woman in the play, make you feel that a greater feminine interest would increase your liking for the story, or does the story absolutely satisfy you as Shakspere has written it? Why? 14. Does Portia give to you any notion of what the noble Roman lady may have been? 15. What heroic elements can you find in her character? 16. How does the scene between Brutus and Portia impress you? Why?

17. Does the second scene of the play, up to the entrance of Decius Brutus, give you anything you had not learned from the third scene of the first act? 18. What new ideas do you get of the char-

acter of Cæsar ? 19. Does he seem to you to be the Cæsar you had imagined from what you have read of him elsewhere ? 20. Can you give the reason for his vacillation ? 21. Is Calpurnia a stronger or a weaker woman than Portia? 22. Which seems to you the more lovable of the two matrons ? 23. Does the conduct of Decius Brutus in this scene appear in any way praiseworthy or heroic ? 24. Do you get any new impression of Antony, from his appearance here ? 25. Are your sympathies against Cæsar or with him here, just before his death ? 26. Which do you suppose Shakspere meant his audience to do, sympathise with Brutus, or with Cæsar ? 27. If you are of the party of Brutus, what do you think of his conduct at this point ? 28. Can you suggest a nobler course for him to have followed?

29. What new notion of Portia does the fourth scene give you? 30. Do you like the contrast between her highly wrought, nervous condition and the unconsciousness of Lucius ? 31. What do you suppose Shakespere meant by this scene ?

ACT III

NOTE ON THE STRUCTURE OF THE ACT.—Cæsar is prepared for the sacrifice, and Brutus strikes one of the cowardly blows against "the foremost man of all the world." In this latter fact lies the dramatic kernel of the story. No one who saw the expression of horror, remorse, and pity with which the late Edwin Booth, as Brutus, drew back after stabbing Cæsar, can fail to remember the scene as the climax of the play. Here Brutus, the hero of the tragedy, commits his one irrevocable act. He has passed through the supreme crisis, and, from that time on, the old, quiet life is closed to him forever. For such a man there could be no happiness after such a deed ; yet, perhaps, if he could persuade the mob, and bring back Rome to its ancient ways—? And here Brutus makes his second great mistake—again in opposition to the more astute Cassius—and allows Antony to speak "in Cæsar's funeral." From the moment Antony turns the mob, the murder of Cæsar is seen to have been in vain ; henceforth it is the same old conflict between the spirit of Cæsar—or new ideas—and the conservative power, as typified in Brutus. From this point of view, perhaps the climax of the play is at Antony's speech ; those, however, who regard the blow of Brutus as the great flood-tide of the action, see in this scene of Antony's oration "the moment of dramatic reverse," in which Brutus' fortunes finally and definitely change for the worse. And what is the episode of the murder of Cinna by the mob that An-

tony has incited, but a sort of Q. E. D., which Shakspere adjoins as proof of Antony's foresight in prophesying that

> "Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
> With Ate by his side, come hot from hell,
> Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
> Cry 'Havoc!' and let slip the dogs of war!"

The passing, too, at this stage, of the mob, should be noted. It has done its work, and insurrection now becomes war.

Scene I

The stage direction as it is printed in the text is substantially Capell's. The Folio reads, *Flourish. Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Caska, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cynna, Antony, Lepidus, Artimedorus, Publius, and the Soothsayer.* There is no indication in the Folio of the change from the street to the Senate-house, but Steevens adopted substantially the direction in our text after the words, "What, urge you your petition in the street? Come to the Capitol." See the description of the stage of the Elizabethan theatre in the Introduction, p. xv. The main action in the Senate-house probably took place on the inner stage. The murder of Cæsar did not occur in the Capitol, as is here represented, but in a hall or curia adjoining Pompey's theatre.

1. *The Ides of March are come:* It will be remembered that this soothsayer had warned Cæsar (i, 2, 18) to "beware the ides of March." See North's Plutarch, *The Life of Julius Cæsar* (ed. Skeat, p. 98): "That day being come, Cæsar going unto the Senate-house, and speaking merrily unto the soothsayer, told him, 'the Ides of March be come': 'so they be,' softly answered the soothsayer, 'but yet are they not past.'"

1. *Are come:* Is this construction common to-day?

3. *Read this schedule:* Another hint from Plutarch, *The Life of Julius Cæsar* (ed. Skeat, p. 99): "And one Artemidorus also . . . a doctor of rhetoric in the Greek tongue, who . . . was very familiar with certain of Brutus' confederates, and therefore knew the most part of all their practices against Cæsar, came and brought him a little bill, written with his own hand, of all that he meant to tell him," etc.

4. *O'er-read:* an unusual transposition.

7. *That touches Cæsar nearer:* For the construction, see Introduction, § 13.

8. *Us ourself:* Note how Shakspere makes Cæsar assume the language of royalty as Shakspere himself knew it.

12. Capell's stage direction is, "Artemidorus is push'd back. Cæsar and the rest enter the Senate: The Senate rises. Popilius presses forward to speak to Cæsar; and passing Cassius, says," etc.

13. *I wish your enterprise . . . may thrive:* This construction is more rare to-day in the present than in the past tense. Compare in line 16, "He *wish'd* to-day our enterprise *might* thrive." This episode of Popilius Lena is described in Plutarch.

18. *Makes to Cæsar:* advances to Cæsar.

21. *Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back:* The meaning is that "one or the other of us shall never return; for if Cæsar is not killed, I will slay myself."

26. *He draws Mark Antony out of the way:* as in North's Plutarch, *The Life of Marcus Brutus* (ed. Skeat, p. 118).

28. *Presently:* immediately.

29. *He is address'd:* he is ready, prepared.

30. *You are the first that rears your hand:* See Introduction, § 23. Consistency would require either "that rear your hand" or "that rears his hand." Compare *Love's Labour's Lost* (v, 2, 66): "To make *me* proud *that jests*"; and *Titus Andronicus* (iv, 2, 176): "For it is *you that puts* us to our shifts."

33. *Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar:* Scan this line for the pronunciation of *puissant*, generally a dissyllable in Shakspere. The rest of this scene is thus described in North's Plutarch, *The Life of Marcus Brutus* (ed. Skeat, p. 118): "When Cæsar was come into the house, all the Senate rose to honour him at his coming in. So, when he was set, the conspirators flocked about him, and amongst them they presented one Metellus Cimber, who made humble suit for the calling home again of his brother that was banished. They all made as though they were intercessors for him, and took Cæsar by the hands, and kissed his head and breast. Cæsar at first simply refused their kindness and entreaties; but afterwards, perceiving they still pressed on him, he violently thrust them from him. Then Cimber with both his hands plucked Cæsar's gown over his shoulders, and Casca, that stood behind him, drew his dagger first and struck Cæsar upon the shoulder, but gave him no great wound. Cæsar, feeling himself hurt, took him straight by the hand he held his dagger in, and cried out in Latin: 'O traitor Casca, what doest

thou?' Casca on the other side cried in Greek, and called his brother to help him. So divers running on a heap together to fly upon Cæsar, he, looking about him to have fled, saw Brutus with a sword drawn in his hand ready to strike at him: then he let Casca's hand go, and, casting his gown over his face, suffered every man to strike at him that would. Then the conspirators thronging one upon another, because every man was desirous to have a cut at him, so many swords and daggers lighting upon one body, one of them hurt another, and among them Brutus caught a blow on his hand, because he would make one in murdering of him, and all the rest also were every man of them bloodied."

35. *I must prevent thee*, etc.: As to the grandiloquent speech of Cæsar in this scene, see Introduction, p. xxvi.

39. *The law of children:* Johnson's conjecture for the Folio "the *lane* of children."

39–40. *Be not fond To think:* For the omission of the conjunctions, see Introduction, § 33, and cf. *The Tempest* (iv, 1, 119–20): May I be bold To think these spirits?" *Fond:* foolish, as in *Coriolanus* (iv, 1, 26): "'Tis *fond* to wail inevitable strokes."

40–1. *Such rebel blood That*, etc.: Comment on the relative pronoun.

42. *With that which melteth fools:* The *with* is again used for *by*, as in "We are govern'd *with* our mothers' spirits (i, 3, 83).

43. *Low-crooked court'sies:* In the Folio "Low-crooked-curtsies." See, for the adjective, Introduction, § 37.

47–8. *Know, Cæsar doth not wrong:* "These lines," says Wright, "are printed as they stand in the folio editions, and it is to them that Ben Jonson refers in his Sylva or Discoveries; where he says of Shakespeare, 'Many times he fell into those things could not escape laughter: as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, "Cæsar thou dost me wrong," he replied, "Cæsar did never wrong, but with just cause," and such like; which were ridiculous.' Again, in the Induction to The Staple of News, he puts the following into the mouth of the Prologue: 'Cry you mercy, you never did wrong, but with just cause.' On this Gifford remarks that the passage as it stands in the folios can never have come from the pen of Shakespeare, and that 'the poetry is as mean as the sense.' Tyrwhitt proposed to restore the lines thus:

> '*Met.* Cæsar, thou dost me wrong.
> *Cæs.* Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, but with just cause,
> Nor without cause will he be satisfied.'

If it had not been for Ben Jonson's story, no one would have suspected any corruption in the passage. The question is whether his authority is sufficient to warrant a change."

Hudson uses the lines found in Jonson with this note: "I here restore a genuine piece of the Poet's text as preserved and authenticated to us by Ben Jonson."

51. *Repealing:* recalling, as frequently in Shakspere.

53. *Desiring thee that:* an unusual construction.

61. *True-fix'd:* See Introduction, § 37. The Folio reads "true fixt."

61. *Resting:* steadfast.

62. *Fellow:* equal, peer.

70. *Unshak'd of motion:* The construing of these words to mean "unshaken in his motion" would seem, as has been pointed out, inconsistent with Cæsar's comparison of himself to the pole-star. The expression means, probably, immovable.

75. *Bootless:* profitless, without avail. We might expect the adverb here. See Introduction, § 13.

76. The stage direction in the Folio is simply, *They stab Cæsar.*

77. *Et tu, Brute:* There is no classical authority for putting these words in Caesar's mouth. According to Suetonius (lxxxii), "he was stabbed with three and twenty wounds, uttering a groan only, but no cry, at the first wound, although some authors relate, that when Marcus Brutus rushed upon him, he exclaimed, *καὶ σὺ τέκνον*, 'and thou, my son?'" It has been conjectured that Shakspere took the *Et tu Brute* from *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke,* printed in 1595, where Edward exclaims to Clarence, "Et tu, Brute, wilt thou stab Cæsar too?"

80. *The common pulpits,* or rostra, in the Forum, from which speeches were made to the people.

86. *Publius:* See note on ii, 2, 108. This may be the Publius mentioned in the earlier scene, but hardly the one mentioned in iv, 1, 4, the ages of the two apparently disagreeing too much to warrant such an inference.

93. *Lest that:* For the double conjunction, see Introduction, § 34.

95. *Abide:* await the consequences of.

96. *But we:* Account for the form of the pronoun.

99. *As it were:* as *if* it were. See Introduction, § 33, and cf. v, 1, 86: "As we were sickly prey." Is the idea of doomsday a pagan one?

102. The Folio gives this speech to Casca, but some editors have

followed Pope in transferring it to Cassius, as more appropriate to his character. Yet, as Hudson remarks, "the sentiment is in strict keeping with what Casca says in i, 3, 101 : 'So every bondman in his own hand bears,' etc."

104. *Grant that, and then is death a benefit :* This speech, and in fact the rest of the scene until the entrance of Antony's servant, seems forced, theatrical, and self-conscious on the part of Brutus and Cassius. It is hard to think of them as thus seriously moralising after so great a crisis, spiritual and political, as their killing of Cæsar.

106–7. *Stoop, Romans, stoop, and let us bathe*, etc.: Cf. Calpurnia's dream (ii, 2, 76, ff).

116. *On Pompey's basis lies along :* Lies stretched out at the base of Pompey's statue. For "lies along," in the sense of "stretched out," cf. *Coriolanus* (v, 6, 57) :

> "When he *lies along*
> After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
> His reasons with his body."

120. *Shall we forth :* See on "Cæsar shall forth" (ii, 2, 10).

122. *Most boldest :* See on "most unkindest," iii, 2, 183.

132. *Resolv'd :* informed.

137. *Thorough :* As often in Shakspere, this preposition becomes a dissyllable. See Introduction, § 35.

137. *Untrod state :* untried state of affairs.

141. *So please him come :* According to Abbott, *A Shaksperian Grammar* (§ 133), this *so* is used in the sense of *provided that.* The *please*, of course, is impersonal. Shakspere uses also the personal construction with *please*, as in *The Winter's Tale* (ii, 3, 142): "If they please." On the omission of the sign *to* of the infinitive *come*, see Introduction, § 18, and note on "You ought not walk" (i, 1, 3).

144. *To friend :* This quaint old idiom survives only in "to take or have *to* wife."

146–7. *My misgiving still Falls shrewdly to the purpose :* My misgiving always turns out to be near the mark ; things happen as I expect they will. *Still*, as frequently in Shakspere, means *always.*

153. *Who else must be let blood :* a curious, but not unidiomatic expression for "who else must bleed" or "be killed."

153. *Rank :* too full of blood or life. Cf. *As You Like It* (i, 1, 78): "I will physic your *rankness*," and, for a different use of the figure, *Troilus and Cressida* (i, 3, 316–8) :

"The seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In *rank* Achilles, must or now be cropped," etc.

156. *Of half that worth as those:* Comment on this construction.

158. *I do beseech ye, if you:* For the form of the pronouns, see Introduction, § 1.

158. *Bear me hard:* For this expression, see on "Caius Ligarius doth *bear* Cæsar *hard*" (ii, 1, 215).

159. *Whilst:* See note on *whiles* (i, 2, 209).

160. *Live a thousand years:* Comment on the form of this conditional clause.

161. *Apt to die:* fit or ready to die.

162–3. *No place will please me so, no mean of death, As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off:* that is, *by Cæsar* is the *place* and *you* the *mean*. *Mean* and *means* are used indifferently by Shakspere.

165. *O Antony, beg not your death of us:* This speech of Brutus, though not free from his usual rhetorical balancing, is nevertheless one of the nobly pathetic passages of the play.

171. *And pity to the general wrong of Rome:* Cf. (ii, 1, 11–2): "I know no personal cause to spurn at him, But for *the general.*"

172. *As fire drives out fire:* Cf. *Coriolanus* (iv, 7, 54): "One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail."

173. *Hath done this deed on Cæsar:* Is this use of *on* a vulgarism to-day?

175–6. *Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts Of brothers' temper:* The passage stands thus in the Folio, and may be corrupt. Wright explains the first part: "Strong as if nerved by malice against you, the death grip of enemies being stronger than the most loving embrace." Steevens considers "in strength of malice" to mean "strong in the deed of malice they have just performed," and White practically follows him. Pope reads "exempt from malice," and Capell alters thus:

"To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony,
Our arms no strength of malice; and our hearts," etc.

Others read "in strength of welcome" and "in strength of amity."

178. *Your voice shall be as strong*, etc.: Hudson calls this speech "snugly characteristic." Cassius backs up Brutus' moonshine about "hearts and love" with a promise to Antony of high dignity and power.

184. *I doubt not of your wisdom :* Modern usage has split this idiom into "I have no doubt of your wisdom" and "I do not doubt your wisdom." Is there a different shade of meaning in these expressions ?

185. *Let each man render me his bloody hand :* This treachery of Antony in seeming to compound with his enemies is paralleled by the treachery of John Duke of Lancaster in *2 Henry IV* (iv, 2).

193. *Conceit :* See Introduction, § 41, and cf. i, 3, 162.

197. *Grieve thee dearer :* See Introduction, § 13.

200. *Corse :* a poetical form, somewhat over-worn to-day.

203. *Close :* agree, close a compact. We still say "close an agreement."

205. *Bay'd :* brought to bay. The figure (as Antony's quibble shows) is that of a deer closed about with barking, yelping hounds. Cf. (iv, 1, 48–9) : "For we are at the stake, And *bay'd* about with many enemies."

207. *Thy lethe :* thy death, a reading adopted by Pope and others from the Folio "Lethee." The meaning is clear enough, whether we conceive Shakspere to have meant "thy oblivion" or to have compared Cæsar's flowing blood to the river Lethe.

208–9. *This hart . . . the heart of thee :* The Folio reads *hart* in both cases. The taste of the quibble in such a connection is more than questionable. Cf. *As You Like It* (iii, 2, 230) :

> "*Celia :* He was furnish'd like a hunter.
> *Rosalind :* O, ominous ! He comes to kill my heart."

210. *Strucken :* The Folio reads *stroken*. Cf. *strucken*, ii, 2, 114.

214. *Cold modesty* a cold and modest statement. Modesty is practically equivalent to moderation.

216. *But what compact mean you to have with us :* Scan, for the probable Shaksperian pronunciation of *compact*.

217. *Prick'd :* marked. See iv, 1, 1.

218. *Shall we on :* Comment on the omission of the verb of motion.

219. *Therefore :* to that purpose.

222. *That you shall give :* We should now rather expect to find "that you *will* give," etc.

231. *In the order of his funeral :* in the course of the funeral ceremonies. Funeral orations were spoken from the rostra in the Forum. Cf. on iii, 1, 80.

233. *You know not what you do :* This was another of Brutus' po-

litical mistakes. As usual, Cassius' advice was the better. Cf. on ii, 1, 162.

234. *In his funeral:* This preposition seems odd to-day in such a connection.

237. *I will myself into:* See above, line 218.

239. *What Antony shall speak:* The most vivid form of the hypothesis of a future conditional sentence. We now say, rather, "What Antony *speaks*."

244. *Fall:* happen. See Introduction, § 41, and v, 1, 104: "For fear of what might *fall*."

246. *You shall not in your funeral speech blame us:* At first, in his speech, Antony obeys this injunction, at least in the letter.

258. *The tide of times:* Tide originally meant *time*, as in spring*tide*, even*tide*, etc. In Shakspere's day, however, the word had acquired its modern meaning; cf. (iv, 3, 216–7): "There is a *tide* in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood," etc.

259. *Costly:* rare, precious.

260. *Over thy wounds now do I prophesy:* As this speech is ordinarily rendered in the theatre it falls but little short of the veriest rant, especially toward the end.

261 *Their ruby lips:* To modern ears, at least, this seems another of Antony's insincere figures.

265. *Cumber:* more commonly *en*cumber.

270. *Fell:* cruel.

272. *Ate:* The goddess of mischief and discord.

274. *Cry "Havoc":* In old times, the signal that no quarter would be given.

274. *The dogs of war:* Steele (*Tatler*, 137) suggests that these are "fire, sword, and famine." Cf. *Henry V*, i, chor. 5:

> "Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
> Assume the port of Mars; and, at his heels,
> Leash'd in like hounds, should Famine, Sword, and Fire
> Crouch for employment."

276. *Carrion men:* Cf. ii, 1, 130: "Old feeble carrions."

281. *Bid:* See Introduction, § 16.

284. *Passion:* sorrow. Cf. i, 2, 39–40: "Vexed I am, Of late with *passions* of some difference."

290. *No Rome of safety:* The same pun, say some editors, that we find in i, 2, 156: "Now is it *Rome* indeed and *room* enough." Shak-

spere to-day would hardly put this sort of quibble in the mouths of men so earnest as Cassius and Antony were supposed to be.

295. *Issue:* deed ; perhaps, point at issue.

296. *The which:* For the definite article before the relative, see Introduction, § 8.

298. *Exeunt with Cæsar's body:* Rowe's stage direction. The Folio says merely *Exeunt.*

Scene II

The Folio reads, *Enter Brutus and goes into the Pulpit, and Cassius, with the Plebeians.* The material for this, the great acting scene of the play, is found in North's Plutarch, *The Life of Brutus* (ed. Skeat, pp. 120–21):

"A great number of men being assembled together, Brutus made an oration unto them, to win the favour of the people, and to justify that they had done. All those that were by said they had done well, and cried unto them that they should boldly come down from the Capitol; whereupon Brutus and his companions came boldly down into the market-place. The rest followed in troop, but Brutus went foremost, very honourably compassed in round about with the noblest men of the city, which brought him from the Capitol through the market-place, to the pulpit for orations. When the people saw him in the pulpit, although they were a multitude of all sorts, and had a good will to make some stir; yet, being ashamed to do it, for the reverence they bare unto Brutus, they kept silence to hear what he would say. When Brutus began to speak, they gave him quiet audience: howbeit, immediately after, they shewed him that they were not all contented with the murder. For when another, called Cinna, would have spoken, and began to accuse Cæsar, they fell into a great uproar among them, and marvellously reviled him; insomuch that the conspirators returned again into the Capitol."

Furthermore,

"They came to talk of Cæsar's will and testament, and of his funerals and tomb. Then Antonius, thinking good his testament should be read openly, and also that his body should be honourably buried, and not in hugger-mugger, lest the people might thereby take occasion to be worse offended if they did otherwise; Cassius stoutly spoke against it. But Brutus went with the motion, and agreed unto it; wherein it seemeth he committed a second fault. For the first fault

he did, was when he would not consent to his fellow-conspirators, that Antonius should be slain; and therefore he was justly accused, that thereby he had saved and strengthened a strong and grievous enemy of their conspiracy. The second fault was when he agreed that Cæsar's funerals should be as Antonius would have them, the which, indeed, marred all. For, first of all, when Cæsar's testament was openly read among them, whereby it appeared that he bequeathed unto every citizen of Rome 75 drachmas a man; and that he left his gardens and arbours unto the people, which he had on this side of the river Tiber, in the place where now the temple of Fortune is built; the people then loved him, and were marvellous sorry for him. Afterwards, when Cæsar's body was brought into the market-place, Antonius making his funeral oration in praise of the dead, according to the ancient custom of Rome, and perceiving that his words moved the common people to compassion, he framed his eloquence to make their hearts yearn the more; and taking Cæsar's gown all bloody in his hand, he laid it open to the sight of them all, shewing what a number of cuts and holes it had upon it. Therewithal the people fell presently into such a rage and mutiny, that there was no more order kept amongst the common people. For some of them cried out 'Kill the murderers'; others plucked up forms, tables, and stalls about the market-place, as they had done before at the funerals of Clodius, and having laid them all on a heap together, they set them on fire, and thereupon did put the body of Cæsar, and burnt it in the midst of the most holy places. And furthermore, when the fire was thoroughly kindled, some here, some there, took burning firebrands and ran with them to the murderers' houses that killed him, to set them on fire. Howbeit the conspirators, foreseeing the danger before, had wisely provided for themselves and fled."

1. *Citizens:* The Folio has *Ple.* At line 8, the direction is 1. *Ple.* After that the citizens are indicated merely by the numbers 1, 2, 3, etc.

7. *And public reasons shall be rendered:* And reasons shall be publicly rendered?

11. *Is ascended:* Shakspere uses the auxiliary *be* with many verbs that to-day take *have*, almost invariably. Cf. "My life *is run* his compass" (v, 3, 25).

13. *Lovers:* used in Shakspere for friends. So, in line 44, Brutus speaks of Cæsar as his "best lover"; Menenius in *Coriolanus* (v, 2, 14) says to the Volscian sentinel, "Thy general is my *lover;* and in

Troilus and Cressida (iii, 3, 214) Ulysses says to Achilles, "I as your *lover* speak."

13. *Hear me for my cause*, etc.: This speech of Brutus is in great contrast to that of Antony immediately following. It is rather the effort of a man who wishes to convince an audience of the reasonableness of his cause than that of a demagogue trying to influence vast crowds to his way of thinking. It is cold and studied, where Antony's is filled with fiery eloquence of a sort bound to sway the people. Brutus was so sure of the justice of his own cause that he fancied the Romans needed but to hear his side logically stated to be convinced. As to the compendious and balanced style, see note on i, 2, 162. Can you give any reason for the speech's being in prose ?

16. *Censure :* judge.

26. *There is tears :* See Introduction, § 23.

28. *Who is here so base that would be :* Do you feel the omission of the subject of *would be* in this and the following sentences of similar structure?

43. *Which of you shall not: Which* in this form of question generally means "which of two."

44. *My best lover :* See note on line 13, above.

49. *A statue, with his ancestors :* Comment on this idea of Brutus' ancestry and its dramatic value.

57. *And grace his speech :* The reference of this *his* is decidedly confusing.

61. *Save I alone :* Comment on the form of the pronoun.

63. *The public chair :* One of the *rostra* referred to as "common pulpits," in iii, 1, 80.

65. *Beholding :* The modern form is *beholden.*

68. *'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here :* He had better speak no harm, etc.—Note the hostility of the audience Antony had to face, and observe the clever and cautious way in which he sets to work to win it to his side. He comes to "bury Cæsar, not to praise him"; he will not "do wrong" to Brutus—to whose party this crowd happens to think it belongs. But before he has spoken more than three or four hundred words the crowd finds "there is much reason in his sayings," and "some will dear abide the murder." From that time on the mob is Antony's, and he moulds it to his will. This speech is one of the great examples of what a skilled orator can do with a hostile audience; none the less great because it is, as it stands, Shakspere's and not the real Antony's. Wright points out that in this mob the fourth citizen was Brutus' great partisan.

75. *The evil that men do lives after them:* In connection with this, reference is frequently made to *Henry VIII* (iv, 2, 45–6): "Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues We write in water."

79. *If it were so:* Antony here subtly shows the impossibility of the contingency by the form in which he clothes it.

95. *On the Lupercal:* The Lupercal was not a hill, as Shakspere seems to think, but a cave or grotto; perhaps, however, Shakspere means on or at the Lupercalia—the feast of Lupercal. Antony, of course, is referring to the events described by Casca, in the second scene of the first act of our play.

103. *What cause withholds you then to mourn for him: withholds*—holds back. *To mourn* is again the gerund used for the infinitive. See on *to hear*, i, 1, 49.

108. *Methinks there is much reason in his sayings:* Note in these speeches of the citizens how great an effect the artful Antony has created by his seemingly simple grief.

114. *Dear abide it:* See Introduction, § 13.

115. *Red as fire:* This simile is well put in the mouth of the citizen. "Cold as ice," "hot as fire," etc., are the usual heights of similitude with "the vulgar."

120. *And none so poor to do him reverence:* And none so poor *as* to do, etc. The line probably means that even the poorest is now too high to reverence Cæsar.

127. *Than I will wrong:* an unexpected construction. We should have looked for the conclusion "than (to) wrong," etc.

133. *Napkins:* handkerchiefs. Those who have read *Othello* will remember how prominent a part Desdemona's lost "napkin" plays in the plot. This scene of Antony's imagination recalls Calpurnia's dream (ii, 2, 76 ff.). Compare also the magniloquent words of Brutus and Cassius just after the murder (iii, 1, 106 ff.). The idea of bathing in the martyred Cæsar's blood seems to have strongly impressed Shakspere's fancy.

138. *We'll hear the will:* Antony has now "got the crowd where he wants it."

141. *Meet:* fitting.

150. *I have o'ershot myself:* I have gone beyond what I intended; the result is beyond what I anticipated.

153. *They were traitors:* Antony now has won the fourth citizen entirely and absolutely.

162. *He comes down from the pulpit:* Rowe's stage direction.

168. *Bear back:* fall back; move farther off.

170. *You all do know this mantle:* "Of course the matter about the 'mantle' is purely fictitious: Cæsar had on the civic gown, not the military cloak, when killed: and it was, in fact, the mangled toga that Antony displayed on this occasion: but the fiction has the effect of making the allusion to the victory seem perfectly artless and incidental."—*Hudson.*

173. *That day he overcame the Nervii:* in 57 B.C. This was one of Cæsar's bloodiest and his most famous battle. Every schoolboy who has gone so far in the study of Latin will remember the account of this battle in the second book of the *Gallic War.* This bringing up of Cæsar's past glory and his great service to the state is another very clever device of Antony's; perhaps he would not have dared do so until he had moulded the people to his will.

174. *In this place ran Cassius' dagger through:* Do the two prepositions seem unnecessary, or do they give an added colloquial touch to Antony's speech?

179. *As rushing out of doors:* What of the taste of this violent and fanciful figure, especially in so serious a scene? Does not one usually doubt the sincerity of a man who can stop in his grief to gather "flowers of speech"? Shakspere makes Antony a perpetual sinner in this regard. See on "ruby lips" (iii, 1, 261).

183. *Most unkindest:* See iii, 1, 122, and Introduction, § 10.

188. *Statuë:* See on ii, 2, 76.

194. *Dint:* stroke, impression.

197. *Marr'd . . . with traitors:* See on i, 3, 83.

211. *Flood of mutiny:* Note how artfully Antony introduces this idea into the minds of his hearers—an idea suggested still more forcibly in line 230, below.

213. *Private griefs:* private grievances. Another very artful suggestion on Antony's part, as Brutus had just told the people Cæsar had been killed for the good of the people.

217. *I am no orator, as Brutus is:* This is the perfection of "mock modesty"; the daring of it is superb.

221. *For I have neither wit:* The correction of the second Folio. The first Folio reads, "For I have neither *writ*," that is, prepared writings.

230. *To rise and mutiny:* See on line 211, above. This splendid climax of Antony's is followed by the desired result; with one voice the mob takes up the cry, "We'll mutiny."

243. *Seventy-five drachmas:* The drachma was a Greek coin of about the value of the French franc—between eighteen and twenty

cents of American money. Of course the purchasing power was then much greater than it would be now.

250. *Orchards:* gardens. Cf. on ii, 1, "Brutus' orchard." North's Plutarch, *The Life of Marcus Brutus* (ed. Skeat, p. 121), says (see Introduction to Notes on this scene), "He left his gardens and arbours unto the people, which he had *on this side of the river Tiber*, in the place where now the temple of Fortune is built." As a matter of fact, Cæsar's gardens were on the Janiculum, the *other* side of Tiber from where Antony was speaking; but Shakspere took these things as he found them in his Plutarch.

253. *To walk abroad:* to walk abroad *in*. The infinitive used as gerund; see Introduction, § 28, and cf. on i, 1, 49.

259–60. *Go fetch fire. Pluck down benches*, etc.: Antony's work is now done and "mischief" is indeed "afoot."

262. *Afoot:* on-foot. See on *a-shouting*, i, 2, 223.

268. *He comes upon a wish:* he comes just at the time I could have wished for him.

271. *Are rid:* Does this construction seem natural to you?

272. *Belike:* perhaps, probably, it is likely.

272–3. *Some notice of the people, How I had mov'd them:* a circumlocution for "some notice of how I had mov'd the people."

SCENE III

This scene is indicated in the Folio merely by the words, *Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.* Though the scene seems to add nothing to the action of the main story, it is nevertheless a magnificent climax to the game that Antony has been playing. The killing of Cinna—an innocent man—is typical of what the passions Antony has stirred up can do. The rage of the mob in this deed of lawless violence forms a fitting conclusion to the second great move in the game. Antony has now won Rome, and we know that the conspirators must away to take arms for protecting themselves and accomplishing the plans of good they have formed for Rome. The mob is, as we have said, one of the chief characters in this tragedy; it is hardly exaggerated to say that it is the mistress for whose favour all the chief characters are playing.

There is an interesting discussion throughout Brandes' *William Shakspere: a Critical Study* of Shakspere's aristocratic feeling and his contempt for the judgment of the masses. Of course this scene furnishes food for any critic who maintains that view of Shakspere's character. Cf. also the action of the mob in *Coriolanus*.

For this story of the death of Cinna, Shakspere is again indebted to North's Plutarch; see *The Life of Julius Cæsar* (ed. Skeat, p. 102).

2. *Unluckily:* The Folio reading, though one would rather expect the *unlucky* some editors have substituted.

2. *Fantasy:* fancy. Cf. ii, 1, 231: "Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies."

3. *Forth of doors: out* of doors. Cf. *The Tempest* (v, 1, 160): "thrust *forth of* Milan."

12. *You were best:* originally the *you* was dative after the impersonal: *it were best for you;* but in Shakspere's day the *you* was regarded as nominative. The modern idiom is "you had best" or "you had better."

18. *You'll bear me a bang:* "I'll give you a bang." Cf. i, 2, 264: "he plucked *me* ope his doublet," and see Introduction, §6. Perhaps the speaker is here too personally interested to allow us to consider the *me* as a genuine ethical dative. The construction, however, is very like that in i, 2, 264.

QUESTIONS

1. Can you imagine what the Capitol of ancient Rome must have looked like? 2. Do you suppose Shakspere would have desired, if he were writing for the stage to-day, to have this scene, in representation, archæologically correct? 3. What seems to you the most important moment in the action of the first scene of the act? 4. Which, from the point of view of Shakspere, is the most notable blow struck at Cæsar? 5. Can you imagine the thoughts of Brutus as he aimed his dagger? 6. Why would he probably suffer more than Cassius? 7. Was Shakspere thinking, perhaps, of the historical scene less than of the actual scene in his tragedy, when he wrote the prophecy, "How many ages hence Shall this our lofty scene be acted over, In states unborn and accents yet unknown"? 8. What do you think of Antony's course in seeming to join with the party of the conspirators? 9. Was his apparent lack of faith justifiable? 10. Does Antony win the sympathy of the reader? Why? 11. What sort of man do you imagine him to have been?

12. What should you have seen about you in ancient Rome, if you had actually stood in the Forum as Brutus and Antony delivered their speeches nearly two thousand years ago? 13. Which of these two speeches, as Shakspere conceived them, do you like the better? 14. Can you see why Brutus did not make a more lasting effect by

his speech ? 15. Why does Shakspere make him speak in prose ? 16. What is the effect of Antony's continual reference to the "honourable" Brutus ? 17. Could a speaker like Antony foresee the result of this oration? 18. Is his oratory sound and good? 19. What popular elements can you find in it ? 20. Can you trace the progress of his influence over the mob, in the changed tone of his address, particularly toward the end ? 21. What do you think the real Roman mob would have looked like ? 22. What was Shakspere's conception of the mob in *Julius Cæsar ?* 23. Can you see the dramatic propriety of the scene of the killing of Cinna, the poet ? 24. Does it add to the effect of Shakspere's treatment of the whole story ?

ACT IV

NOTE ON THE STRUCTURE OF THE ACT.—Octavius, Lepidus, and Antony against Brutus and Cassius—the new order against the old : which shall win ? Cæsar is dead; but his spirit lives on ; can the conspirators lay it ? This is the problem of the fourth and fifth acts of the play. We see Brutus, still noble in adversity, under the affliction of the death of his wife and the quarrel with his friend Cassius, overcoming all difficulties of the spirit, and living on in the hope of restoring his country. He is now committed to justifying the blow of the Ides of March ; but, with all his good intentions, he fails. The quarrel with Cassius is, perhaps, dramatically valuable as showing Brutus' inability to meet the practical difficulties of the situation ; he alienates, at least temporarily, those he should most carefully bind to him. The scene shows, too, the disintegrating influences at work in the ranks of the army. Other than this, there would seem to be but little dramatic value to the famous quarrel between Brutus and Cassius ; it shows their characters—but does it affect, for more than a moment, the development of the plot ? It is true that, immediately after the scene, Cassius the more readily gives up his plan of battle in favour of that of Brutus—the third mistake of the two men in exacting and in yielding—but Cassius had, from the first, learned to bow to the supposedly superior judgment of Brutus. Strong as the scene is, might we consider it (however splendid in itself) as an episode apart from the main current of the action ? Whatever our answer to this question, we cannot but admit the significance of the visit of Cæsar's spirit to the tent of Brutus ; there, at least, is a strong link between the last act and what has gone before. But as for the superb quarrel scene—was it put in to fill up ?

Scene I

A house in Rome: The Folio reads, *Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.* That the scene must have been intended by Shakspere to be in Rome is shown by lines 10 and 11 in the dialogue. In reality, the meeting occurred November, 43 B.C., nineteen months after the assassination of Cæsar, at a small island in the Rhenus (now Reno) near Bononia (Bologna). The scene excellently indicates the progress of time and events between the assassination and the gathering of the two armies in the present act.

1. *These many:* so many.

1. *Their names are prick'd:* Cf. iii, 1, 217: "Will you be *prick'd* in number of our friends?"

5. *Who is your sister's son:* Plutarch says it was Antony's uncle, Lucius Cæsar.

6. *With a spot I damn him:* With a mark I condemn him.

12. *Slight, unmeritable man:* insignificant, without merit. For *slight*, see Brutus' taunt to Cassius (iv, 3, 37), "Away, *slight* man!"

22. *To groan and sweat:* Cf. *Hamlet* (iii, 1, 77), "to *grunt and sweat* under a weary life."

22. *Business:* a trisyllable here.

26. *Like to:* Cf. i, 3, 81, "like to their ancestors."

28. *Soldier:* also a trisyllable.

30. *Appoint:* give, provide.

32. *Wind:* turn or wheel; a term in horsemanship.

37. *On objects, arts,* etc.: The Folio reading, changed by Theobald to "on abject orts," that is, "on the scraps and fragments of things rejected and despised by others." Staunton went further in his reading: "on abjects, orts, and imitations," abjects being "things thrown away as useless." Though it is perhaps difficult to explain, word by word, the line as it stands in the Folio, nevertheless the whole line seems easy enough to comprehend, especially in connection with the following line. Lepidus is interested in talks of such things as others have grown tired of. Cf. the description—frequently quoted in this connection—of Shallow in *2 Henry IV* (iii, 2, 307): "He came ever in the rearward of the fashion; and sung those tunes to the overscutched huswives which he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his fancies, or his good-nights."

38. *Stal'd:* made common. See i, 2, 73.

40. *But as a property:* but as a stage property, to be treated as we

please. Cf. *Twelfth Night* (iv, 2, 88): "They have here *propertied* me ; keep me in darkness," etc.

41. *Listen great things:* See Introduction, § 31, and cf. v, 5, 15, "list a word." In *Much Ado about Nothing* (iii, 1, 11) we find "There will she hide her, To listen our purpose."

44. *Our best friends made, our means stretch'd:* Thus, except for spelling, etc., the first Folio. The second Folio fills out the defective line thus: "And our best means stretcht out." Malone reads "our means stretch'd to the utmost."

45–6. *Go sit in council, How covert matters may be best disclos'd:* We should expect either "go sit in council *as to* how," etc.; or, "go and consult how," etc.

49. *Bay'd about:* like bears tied to a stake and barked at and worried by a pack of dogs ; cf. iii, 1, 205, and *Macbeth* (v, 7, 1) :

> "They have tied me to a stake ; I cannot fly,
> But, bear-like, I must fight the course."

Scene II

The Folio has : *Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucillius, and the Army. Titinius and Pindarus meete them.* There is no other indication of a change of scene.

5. *To do you salutation:* Several editors refer to *Richard III* (v, 3, 210): "The early village cock Hath twice *done salutation* to the morn." Cf. in *Julius Cæsar* (iii, 2, 57) "*Do grace* to Cæsar's corpse," and (iii, 2, 120): "And none so poor to *do* him *reverence.*" See, also, *Troilus and Cressida* (i, 3, 218–9):

> "May one that is a herald and a prince
> *Do* a fair *message* to his princely ears ?"

14. *How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd:* Brutus' favourite habit of inversion. Cf. i, 2, 162 ff :

> "That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
> What you would work me to, I have some aim ;
> How I have thought of this and of these times,
> I shall recount hereafter."

26. *They fall their crests:* They let, or make, fall their crests. "Craik says that this transitive use of *fall* 'is not common in Shakspere'; but it occurs sixteen times."—*Rolfe.*

26. *Deceitful jades:* Horses that deceive one by a promise of speed, etc., not to be fulfilled; they "sink in the trial."

29–30. *The greater part . . . are come:* Cf. on "three parts of him *is* ours already" (i, 3, 154–5).

37. *Most noble brother:* What was the relationship between Cassius and Brutus?

41. *Be content:* be self-contained; restrain yourself.

42. *I do know you well:* I know your habit of blurting out your anger in plain hearing of all.

46. *Enlarge your griefs:* Enlarge *upon* your *grievances.* See i, 3, 118: "Be factious for redress of all these *griefs* [grievances], and iii, 2, 213, "What private *griefs* they have, alas, I know not."

50. *Lucilius, do you the like:* Craik changed the *Lucilius* to *Lucius,* on the following grounds: "The original text is,—

> '*Lucillius,* do you the like, and let no man
> Come to our tent till we have done our Conference.
> Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard our doore.'

To cure the prosody in the first line, Steevens and other modern editors strike out the *you.* It is strange that no one should have been struck with the absurdity of such an association as Lucius and Titinius for the guarding of the door. An officer of rank and a servant boy—the boy, too, being named first. The function of Lucius was to carry messages. As Cassius sends his servant Pindarus with a message to his division of the force, Brutus sends his servant Lucius with a similar message to his division. Nothing can be clearer than that *Lucilius* in the first line is a misprint for *Lucius,* and *Lucius* in the third, a misprint for *Lucilius.* Or the error may have been in the copy; and the insertion of *Let* was probably the attempt of the printer or editor to save the prosody of that line, as the omission of the *you* is of the modern editors to save that of the other. . . . At the close of the conference we have Brutus again addressing himself to Lucilius and Titinius, who had evidently kept together all the time it lasted."

Scene III

The Folio indicates the change of scene by the words *Exeunt. Manet Brutus and Cassius.*

2. *Condemn'd and noted:* Cf. iv, 1, 6: "with a spot I damn him." The words "condemned and noted" are taken from Plutarch. *Noted:* disgraced, marked with a stigma.

4. *Wherein:* syncopated for "a case in which."

8. *That every nice offence should bear his comment:* That every small offence should bear its comment. *Nice:* foolish or trifling, in Shakspere's day. On *his* for *its*, see Introduction, § 2.

11. *Mart:* See Introduction, § 38.

13. *You are Brutus that speaks:* For the construction, see iii, 1, 30, "Casca, you are the first that rears your hand."

16. *His head:* Cf. on "his comment," line 8, above.

26. *Grasped thus:* One can see Brutus' gesture.

27. *Had rather:* Cf. note on i, 2, 168: "Brutus *had rather* be a villager."

28. *Bait not me:* The Folio reads *baite;* Theobald changed it to *bay*, on the theory that Shakspere wished Cassius to echo Brutus' word. The assumption is reasonable.

30. *To hedge me in:* another gerundial infinitive.

31. *Older in practice*, etc.: Thus Antony speaks to Octavius (iv, 1, 18): "Octavius, I have seen more days than you."

37. *Away, slight man:* Cf. iv, 1, 12: "*slight*, unmeritable man."

44. *Budge:* Cf. *Hamlet* (iii, 4, 18): "Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not *budge*"; and *Coriolanus* (i, 8, 5): "Let the first *budger* die." The word is not particularly elegant to-day.

46. *Testy:* heady, fretful.

51. *Soldier:* probably a trisyllable here, as in iv, 1, 28.

56. *I said an elder soldier, not a better:* He really said, "Older in practice, abler than yourself, to make conditions."

58. *Durst:* See Introduction, § 16.

64. *I may do that I shall be sorry for:* a case of relative and antecedent combined. See Introduction, § 9.

73. *To wring:* For this unnecessary *to*, cf. on "to repute" (i, 2, 173).

79–80: *So covetous To lock:* We are now familiar with this omission of the conjunction before expressions denoting result.

80. *Rascal:* base, ill-conditioned. *Rascal* meant, in Shakspere's day, also the young of a herd of deer, lean and out of season. Cf. *As You Like It* (iii, 3, 50): "The noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal."

80. *Counters:* round pieces of cheap metal used in making calculations.

Brutus is here somewhat inconsistent. He may depreciate money in talk, but his desperate need of it is apparent. Like many philosophers, he will not himself get money "by vile means," but he has no objection to using that which others have thus acquired.

84. *Brutus hath riv'd :* Cf. i, 3, 5–6 : "When the scolding winds Have *riv'd,*" etc.

93. *Alone on Cassius :* on Cassius alone. Cf. i, 2, 157: "one only man."

94. *A-weary :* Cf. *The Merchant of Venice* (i, 2, 1): "By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is *a-weary* of this great world."

97. *Conn'd :* like a lesson. We still hear "to *con* a task or lesson," though the verb is rarely used nowadays.

101. *Plutus' :* The Folio reads *Pluto's.* See on i, 2, 3, *Antonius'.* Plutus is the old god of riches, who had all the world's gold in his keeping.

108. *Dishonour shall be humour :* that is, I shall consider dishonour the result of your testy humour.

110. *As the flint bears fire :* Cf. Cassius' words (i, 2, 176) : "I am glad that my weak words Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus."

111. *Who :* Modern usage requires *which.*

130. *Than ye :* The correct form for the nominative. See Introduction, § 1.

132. *Saucy fellow :* Cf. i, 1, 17 : thou "naughty knave." To-day we should hardly use either *naughty* or *saucy* as Shakspere here employs them. Both adjectives are applied to children ; saucy to children, domestics, and women ; rarely to men.

135. *Jigging :* Malone tells us that *jig* used to mean a metrical composition as well as a dance.

136. *Companion :* For this derogatory sense of *companion,* cf. *Coriolanus* (iv, 5, 11–2) : "Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such *companions ?*" and again (v, 2, 57) : "Now, you *companion,* I'll say an errand for you," etc.

137. *Lucilius and Titinius :* See note on line 50, above.

144. *If you give place to accidental evils :* if you become disheartened by evils that are beyond your control.

150. *Impatient of my absence,* etc. Note the confused grammatical structure of this sentence of Brutus. Shakspere's later work is frequently distinguished by involved structure, elliptical speech, unfinished sentences, etc. This reproduction of the habit, in minds profoundly moved, of jumbling ideas, one thought crowding on another before the first has been fully expressed, had been thoroughly mastered by Shakspere in his later years. Much of the alleged obscurity of Browning is due to this same habit of dramatic utterance.

153. *That tidings : Tidings* is both singular and plural in

Shakspere. Cf. v, 3, 54 : "These tidings will well comfort Cassius."

153. *Distract :* distraught, distracted. For the past participle without *-ed*, cf. *Troilus and Cressida* (i, 3, 187) : "Many are *infect*" ; (i, 3, 125): "When degree is *suffocate*" ; (v, 1, 28) : "Why art thou, then, *exasperate ?*"

154. *Her attendants absent:* Cf. i, 1, 43, "Your infants in your arms."

155. *Re-enter Lucius, with wine and taper :* The Folio reads *Enter boy with wine and tapers ;* but from line 162, there would seem to be only one taper, unless the others were placed in a different part of the tent.

169. *Myself have letters :* See Introduction, § 5.

173. *An hundred :* On the *an*, see Introduction, § 11.

181. *Writ :* written ; this form is now slowly dying out of even vulgar speech. See Introduction, § 17.

182. *Methinks :* originally the *me* was the dative case of the pronoun used with the impersonal verb *think*, to seem. *Methinks* = it seems to me.

192. *In art :* probably, in theory or in profession. His philosophy was strong, but the flesh would have been weak.

194-5. *What do you think Of marching to Philippi :* See North's Plutarch, *Life of Brutus* (ed. Skeat, p. 138) : "Thereupon Cassius was of opinion not to try this war at one battle, but rather to delay time, and to draw it out in length, considering that they were the stronger in money, and the weaker in men and armour. But Brutus, in contrary manner, did always before and at that time also, desire nothing more than to put all to the hazard of battle, as soon as might be possible : to the end he might either quickly restore his country to her former liberty, or rid him forthwith of this miserable world, being still troubled in following and maintaining of such great armies together."

195. *Presently :* at once.

199. *Doing himself offence :* injuring himself.

205. *The enemy, marching along by them :* Can this line, with any show of reason, be scanned regularly ?

209. *If at Philippi we do face him there :* As to this pleonastic *there*, cf. v, 1, 5 : "They mean to warn us at Philippi *here*."

210. *These people at our back :* Another absolute expression. Cf. i, 1, 43 : "Your infants in your arms."

216. *There is a tide in the affairs of men :* These famous lines are

in Shakspere's more formal, less happy manner. For the thought, cf. *Troilus and Cressida* (v, 1, 79): "I have important business, The *tide* whereof is now."

223. *We'll along ourselves and meet them at Philippi :* Scan.

224. *The deep of night has crept upon our talk :* a line in Shakspere's best manner.

226. *Niggard :* Craik says that this is probably the only instance in the language where *niggard* is used as a verb. Others point out *Sonnets*, i, 12: "Makest waste in *niggarding*."

228. *Will we rise and hence :* Another variant of Shakspere's habit of omitting the verb of motion.

233. *Never come such division*, etc.: Is *again* necessary after *never*?

235. *Good night, my lord. Good night, good brother :* Is there anything typical of the two men in the forms of their parting?

239. *Poor knave :* Cf. 267, below, "gentle *knave*." *Knave* is here equivalent to the German *knabe* and of course has no specially derogatory sense. According to Craik, the word was, in Shakspere's day, fluctuating between its original meaning, "boy," and its modern meaning, "rogue," and was used in either sense.

239. *Thou art o'erwatch'd :* Lucius' drowsiness is again illustrated, as at the beginning of Act II. Brutus' gentleness with him is typical of the man's character. For *o'erwatch'd*, cf. *o'ershot* (iii, 2, 150).

249. *Bethink :* More often this word has the force of think on, or recall to mind.

250. *Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so :* This line, with Lucius' answer, "I was sure your lordship did not give it me," could be made the basis for a disquisition on the character of Brutus and that of Lucius. It indicates a whole chapter of a man's daily life. The entire scene is one of the beautiful things in the play. As to the quality of the poetry, see Introduction, p. xliii.

253. *Much forgetful :* This Shaksperian use of *much* is found now with participles, but not with adjectives.

256. *An't please you :* For *an*, cf. i, 2, 265, and see Introduction, § 41.

266. *Mace :* a staff borne by, or before, an officer, as a sign of his authority. Here it seems to be used almost in its original sense of a club.

268. *So much wrong to wake thee :* Cf. on line 80, above.

271. *Is not the leaf turn'd down :* See Introduction, p. xli.

273. *How ill this taper burns :* The coming of a ghost was supposed to make the lights burn low. Reference has frequently been

made to *Richard III*, v, 3, 180, where the ghosts appear: "The lights *burn blue*. It is now dead midnight." For the scene in our play, cf. North's Plutarch, *The Life of Julius Cæsar* (ed. Skeat, p. 103):

"Above all, the ghost that appeared unto Brutus shewed plainly that the gods were offended with the murder of Cæsar. The vision was thus: Brutus, being ready to pass over his army from the city of Abydos to the other coast lying directly against it, slept every night (as his manner was) in his tent; and being yet awake, thinking of his affairs (for by report he was as careful a captain, and lived with as little sleep as ever man did) he thought he heard a noise at his tent-door, and, looking towards the light of the lamp that waxed very dim, he saw a horrible vision of a man, of a wonderful greatness and dreadful look, which at the first made him marvellously afraid. But when he saw that it did him no hurt, but stood at his bed-side and said nothing; at length he asked him what he was. The image answered him: 'I am thy ill angel, Brutus, and thou shalt see me by the city of Philippes.' Then Brutus replied again, and said, 'Well, I shall see thee then.' There withal the spirit presently vanished from him."

277. *Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil*, etc.: Cf. Hamlet's address to the ghost (*Hamlet*, i, 4, 40):

> "Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
> Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell," etc.

278. *That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to stare*: Cf. the words of the ghost (*Hamlet*, i, 5, 16 ff.):

> "Would harrow up thy soul, *freeze thy young blood*,
> Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
> Thy knotted and combined locks to part
> *And each particular hair to stand an end*,
> Like quills upon the fretful porpentine."

278. *Stare*: stand stiffly erect. One may dimly get this notion in the modern use of the word.

289. *The strings, my lord, are false*: This sleepy self-exculpation of the boy is one of the very most charming touches in the play. In fact, Lucius is a miniature masterpiece from his first scene to his last.

297. *Sirrah Claudius*: Cf. v, 3, 25.

305. *Betimes*: early. Cf. the form *belike*, iii, 2, 272.

QUESTIONS

1. What traces can you find, in the slight sketch of Octavius in the first scene, of the man whose will was afterwards to oppose Antony's? 2. Has Antony changed in character since we first met him in the play? 3. If so, has he changed for the better or the worse? 4. Why is this first scene introduced?

5. Does the scene of the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius give you any idea of what had happened since the two men rode "like madmen through the streets of Rome"? 6. What is the dramatic value of this famous scene? 7. Does it show any new phase of the character of the two chief actors or give any clue to the state of affairs in the army of Brutus and Cassius? 8. Does it add to the development of the story? 9. With which of the two men do you sympathise in the quarrel? 10. Has your respect for Cassius increased or decreased since the beginning of the play? 11. Do you admire the stoic calm with which Brutus receives the news of his wife's death? 12. What is the dramatic fitness of the ghost scene? 13. Do you think the scene would be effective on the stage? 14. Is the ghost's warning to Brutus suggestive of the soothsayer's warning to Cæsar in the first act?

ACT V

NOTE ON THE STRUCTURE OF THE ACT.—In spite of its many scenes, this act has complete unity. The facing of the rival hosts, the skirmishes, the death of Cassius, and, later, that of Brutus,—all this ends "that work the Ides of March begun." It is the last swift retribution for what, for the purpose of his tragedy at least, Shakspere regards as the supreme wrong. In the case of Brutus, nothing but death can atone for the blow at Cæsar; yet he dies firmly believing in the justice of his cause and that he "shall have glory by this losing day, more than Octavius and Mark Antony by their vile conquest shall attain unto." On the stage, these rival hosts, even at best, present but a paltry appearance; the scenes of the deaths of Cassius and Brutus, however, are capable of making, with capable actors, a most lasting impression. Some of the best poetry in the drama—best, because simplest and most natural—occurs in this last act; the pitiful outcome of the lofty dreams of Brutus must have moved Shakspere as not many other scenes in his plays could do, and the style in consequence seems as fresh and beautiful to-day as it must have seemed to the people for whom the work was written three hundred years ago.

SCENE I

The stage direction, *The Plains of Philippi*, is Capell's. The Folio reads simply, *Actus Quintus. Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.*

3. *Regions:* a trisyllable; the *-ion*, as frequently, forming two syllables at the end of a line. See on i, 3, 13.

4. *Battles:* battle lines.

5. *Warn:* summon. Cf. *Richard III* (i, 3, 39): "To *warn* them to his royal presence."

5. *At Philippi here:* Cf. on iv, 3, 209.

10. *Bravery:* bravado (Hudson); ostentation (Wright, quoting Plutarch's "but for bravery and rich furniture, Brutus' army far excelled Cæsar's").

13. *The enemy comes on:* Note the grammatical inconsistency between *comes* and "*Their* bloody sign of battle," etc., in the next line; the inconsistency has endured in common speech to this day.

14. *Their bloody sign of battle:* See North's Putarch, *The Life of Marcus Brutus* (ed. Skeat, p. 139): "The next morning, by break of day, the signal of battle was set out in Brutus' and Cassius' camp, which was an arming scarlet coat."

16. *Softly:* slowly.

17. *Even:* level.

18. *Upon the right hand I:* In Plutarch's account of the battle, it is said that Cassius, although more experienced as a soldier, allowed Brutus to lead the right wing of the army. Shakspere made use of this incident, but transferred it to the opposite camp, in order to bring out the character of Octavius, which made Antony yield. Octavius really commanded the left wing. This bit of characterization is excellent. Even here, at the beginning, Antony finds Octavius far from being so easily moulded as he expected.

19. *Exigent:* exigency.

20. *But I will do so:* that is, I will lead the right.

25. *Make forth:* step forward (Craik).

27. *Words before blows:* This scene of recrimination is a bit shocking. Was it an appeal to the groundlings? On the stage to-day, the two little armies facing each other and indulging in mutual blackguarding is not far from ridiculous.

33. *The posture of your blows are:* See Introduction, § 24.

34. *The Hybla bees:* Hybla, in Sicily, was famous for its honey.

42. *And bow'd like bondmen:* See iii, 1, 55–6: "Cæsar, pardon:

As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall," and, indeed, compare the conduct of the conspirators throughout the scene before the murder of Cæsar.

53. *Cæsar's three and thirty wounds:* Plutarch says the number was twenty-three.

55. *Have added slaughter:* have added *his* slaughter as another victim.

59. *Strain:* stock, race, lineage.

60. *Honourable:* See Introduction, § 13, and compare *Timon of Athens* (i, 2, 125): "You see, my lord, how *ample* you're beloved"; and (iii, 6, 30): "The swallow follows not summer more *willing* than we your lordship."

61. *Peevish:* frequently used by Shakspere in the sense of childish, foolish.

61. *Worthless:* unworthy.

62. *A masker and a reveller:* Cf. Cæsar's "Antony that *revels* long o' nights" (ii, 2, 116).

68. *All is on the hazard:* Fortune must decide which army is to win.

69. The Folio reads, *Lucillius and Messala stand forth.*

71. *As this very day:* Shakspere has other instances of a redundant *as*. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet* (v, 3, 246): "That he should hither come *as* this dire night"; cf. also the Shaksperian *whenas* for modern *when*.

73. *Against my will:* Cf. the scene in iv, 3, 194 ff.

74. *As Pompey was:* Referring to the battle of Pharsalia, 48 B.C., in which Pompey was forced by inexperienced men about him to engage. He was easily defeated by Cæsar.

76–7. *I held Epicurus strong and his opinion:* I held the opinion of Epicurus [to be] strong. See in North's Plutarch, *The Life of Marcus Brutus* (ed. Skeat, p. 136): "Cassius being in opinion an Epicurean, and reasoning thereon with Brutus, spake to him touching the vision thus: 'In our sect, Brutus, we have an opinion, that we do not always feel or see that which we suppose we do both see and feel, but that our senses being credulous and therefore easily abused (when they are idle and unoccupied in their own objects) are induced to imagine that they see and conjecture that which in truth they do not.'"

79. *Coming from Sardis*, etc.: For this passage Shakspere is again indebted to his Plutarch. See the *Life of Brutus* (ed. Skeat, p. 137): "When they raised their camp, there came two eagles that, flying with

a marvellous force, lighted upon two of the foremost ensigns, and always followed the soldiers, which gave them meat and fed them, until they came near to the city of Philippes: and there, one day only before the battle, they both flew away."

82. *Who to Philippi here consorted us:* On the unnecessary *here*, cf. on line 5, above. *Who:* See iv, 3, 110–1: "The flint . . . who," etc. *Consorted:* accompanied.

84. *In their steads:* Is the plural usual here? See on *behaviours*, i, 2, 42; cf. Plutarch, *Life of Brutus* (ed. Skeat, p. 138): "And yet further, there was seen a marvellous number of fowls of prey, that feed upon dead carcases. . . . The which began somewhat to alter Cassius' mind from Epicurean opinions, and had put the soldiers also in a marvellous fear."

86. *As we were:* See Introduction, § 33.

92. *Now, most noble Brutus:* What makes this one of the noblest scenes in the play, from a dramatic and purely poetical standpoint?

95. *Incertain:* The *in* and *un* prefixes were far from being settled in Shakspere's day. Cf. on *unfirm*, i, 3, 4.

100. *Even by the rule of that philosophy:* On Shakspere's indebtedness to Plutarch for the substance of this speech, see Introduction, p. xix. He follows a misprint in the North translation, which makes Brutus say precisely the opposite of what he actually says in the Greek.

104. *Fall:* Cf. on iii, 1, 244.

104–5. *So to prevent The time of life:* So to anticipate (or come before—*prævenio*) the time of the end of life.

113. *Begun* for *began* is less elegant to-day. See Introduction, § 16.

SCENE II

In the Folio the only indication of a change of scene is in the stage direction, *Exeunt. Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala.*

1. *These bills* of command or direction.

2. *The legions on the other side* are, of course, those of Cassius.

SCENE III

The Folio has merely the direction, *Exeunt. Enter Cassius and Titinius.*

2. *Myself:* Explain the reflexive form.

4. *It:* exceedingly vague. Cassius means, of course, that he slew

the ensign-bearer and took the standard (or ensign in the other sense) from him.

6. *Some advantage on:* For the preposition, see Introduction, § 30.

18. *Whether:* here a dissyllable, and printed thus in the Folio.

18. *Yond troops:* Cf. "Yonder troops" (line 16, above) and see on "Yond Cassius" (i, 2, 194).

19. *With a thought:* quick as thought. Cf. *The Tempest* (iv, 1, 164): "Come with a thought."

25. *My life is run his compass:* The reader will now have no difficulty in accounting for the form *his*. For *is run* cf. *is ascended* (iii, 2, 11).

25. *Sirrah:* Ordinarily this form of address is applied only to inferiors. Cf. (iv. 3, 297–8): "Sirrah Claudius!"

35. *My best friend:* Titinius well merits this description. Note his grief in the scene immediately following the death of Cassius, and his subsequent suicide.

38. *Swore thee:* made thee swear. Cf. Introduction, § 40.

38. *Saving of thy life:* the idiom?

40. *Thou shouldst attempt it:* How is the *shouldst* to be justified here? See Introduction, § 21.

42. *Search this bosom:* Pierce, or probe, this bosom.

43. *Hilts:* Used in this play, as elsewhere in Shakspere, for the hilt of a single weapon.

45. *Pindarus stabs him:* not in the Folio.

48. *Durst:* See Introduction, § 16.

56. *Bondman:* How does this word differ in meaning from *bondsman?*

60. *O setting sun*, etc.: Note the difference of effect between the words of Titinius and those of Messala, immediately following. In spite of the fact that genuine grief rarely indulges at the outset in similes so elaborate as this of the setting sun, there is, nevertheless, a touch of the sincerest sorrow in the lamentation of this "best friend" of Cassius; on the other hand, the apostrophe of Messala to "hateful error, melancholy's child" seems little short of bombastic under the circumstances—philosophical, perhaps, but hardly sympathetic. Messala, it should be remembered, is rather the friend of Brutus than of Cassius. It is possible that Shakspere meant the difference in effect between the two speeches to indicate this difference in the relationship of the two men to Cassius.

66. *Good success:* In Shakspere's day, *success* was a neutral word, frequently needing a qualifying adjective.

86. *Bid:* See Introduction, § 16.

89–90. *Part . . . heart:* Account for the rhyme here.

94. *O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet:* See Introduction, p. xxiv.

97. *Look, whether he have not crown'd:* How is the second word to be pronounced? See on i, 1, 64.

99. *The last of all the Romans:* This title was commonly bestowed upon Marcus Cato. For the scene here, see North's Plutarch, *Life of Marcus Brutus* (ed. Skeat, p. 144): "So when he was come thither, after he had lamented the death of Cassius, calling him the last of all the Romans, being unpossible that Rome should ever breed again so noble and valiant a man as he, he caused his body to be buried, and sent it to the city of Thassos, fearing lest his funerals within his camp should cause great disorder."

101. *Moe:* more, as in ii, 1, 72.

104. *Thasos:* an island in the Ægean. The Folio reads Tharsus.

105. *His funerals:* Cf. *hilts*, line 43, above; Shakspere more frequently uses the singular, *funeral.*

106. *It:* Unless *funerals* was singular to Shakspere, this *it* must have almost an impersonal force.

107. *Young Cato:* What was his relationship to Brutus?

108. *Labeo and Flavius:* The Folio has *Labio and Flavio.*

108. *Set our battles on: Battles* here probably means battle lines, or battle array, as in v, 1, 4.

SCENE IV

The Folio, as usual, makes no indication of a change of scene. The stage direction here is practically Capell's.

12. *Only I yield to die:* For the position of *only*, compare i, 2, 157: "but one only man."

17. *I'll tell the news:* Pope's correction for the Folio "I'll tell thee news."

SCENE V

5. *Whispering:* This stage direction is not found in the Folio.

11. *Request . . . to thee:* "*Of* thee" would be more natural to-day.

13–4. *Full of grief That it runs:* Account for the omission of *so* before *full.*

22. *Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes:* a beautiful

redundancy here. Cf. note on "Belike they had some notice of the people, How I had mov'd them" (iii, 2, 272–3).

31–2. *Farewell to you; and you; and you . . . Strato, thou hast been:* For this change from the plural to the singular, see Introduction, § 4. What have you noticed in regard to Shakspere's use of the second person singular in your reading of this play?

34–5. *My heart doth joy that yet in all my life I found no man but he was true to me:* It is a curious fact that these most musical and touching lines are made up of one-syllabled words; curious, because ordinarily such composition, unrelieved by longer words, leads to the baldest monotony. But, after all, it depends on the artist. For Shakspere's indebtedness to Plutarch for the idea, see Introduction, p. xix.

35. *No man but he:* no man that was not. An interesting essay could be written on the various uses of *but* in this play.

46. *Smatch:* smack.

47. *Hold then my sword:* Suetonius, *Life of Julius Cæsar*, lxxxix: "Scarcely any of those who were accessory to his murder survived him more than three years, or died a natural death. They were all condemned by the Senate: some were taken off by one accident, some by another. Part of them perished at sea, others fell in battle; and some slew themselves with the same poinard with which they had stabbed Cæsar." This last refers to Brutus and Cassius, of whom the same fact is related by Plutarch and Dio.

56. *For Brutus only overcame himself:* This *only* is a good example of the so-called "squinting" construction; does it modify *Brutus* or *overcome*?

60. *Entertain:* take into service.

69. *Save only he:* See Introduction, § 1.

70. *Did that they did:* See Introduction, § 9.

71–2. *In a general honest thought And common good to all:* Pleonastic and involved; the meaning, of course, is, in an honest thought for the good of all, or for the general (or common) good. Or is it a general, honest thought?

80. *The field:* the embattled hosts.

81. *To part:* to divide.

In considering the general effect of the close of this play, compare the end of *Hamlet*, after the entry of young Fortinbras.

QUESTIONS

1. Which of the figures in this final act do you follow with most interest throughout the battle ? 2. Is there the actual excitement of battle in the working out of the situation ? 3. What seems to you the most important scene in the act ? 4. What decided the fate of the conflict ? 5. Do you agree with Antony's opinion of Brutus at the close of the play ? 6. Are you satisfied with the way the tragedy ends ? 7. Should you have been pleased to have Brutus and Cassius win and live happily after the battle ?

8. What is your opinion of the play as a whole ? 9. Does it seem to you more or less interesting than the modern books you are accustomed to read ? 10. Do you think you would care to read the play again in a year or two ? Why ?

INDEX TO NOTES

ABSOLUTE EXPRESSIONS, 93, 144.
Accidental evils, if you give place to, 143.
Acts and scenes, division into, 90.
Addressed, 124.
ADJECTIVES: *as adverbs*, 100, 115, 124, 129, 134, 149; *as verbs*, 96; *double superlatives*, 127, 135; *nouns as*, 93.
Afeard, 118.
Affections, 110.
Afoot, 136.
After, 96.
Aim, I have some, 99.
Alchemy, 107.
All is on the hazard, 149.
Alliteration, 93.
Alone on Cassius, 143.
An, before *h* or *u*, 93, 144.
An, conj., 102, 145.
Anachronism, 102, 105, 111, 114, 145.
Answer, my, must be made, 106.
Antonius', 94.
ANTONY: *his hostile audience*, 133; *his oration*, 131; *his treachery*, 129.
Applauses, 97.
Appoint, 139.
Apt to be render'd, 119.
— to die, 128.
Are come, 123.
— rid, 136.
Arms across, 115.
Arrive the point propos'd, 96.
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil, 146.
As it were, 126; as we were, 150.
— this very day, 149.
— who goes farthest, 106.
A-shouting, 100.
Até, 130.
Away, slight man, 142.
A-weary, 143.
Awl, but with. I am indeed, sir, 92.

BAIT NOT ME, 142.
Base degrees, 110.
Battles, 148, 152.
Bay'd, 129.
— about, 140.
Be, 100.
Bear back, 134.
— Cæsar hard, 115.
— it, 115.
— me a bang, 137.
— — hard, 103, 128.
Bears with glasses, 114.
Beg not your death of us, 128.
Begun, 150.
Behaviours, 95.
Beholding, 133.
Belike, 136.
Best friend, 151.
Bethink, 145.
Betimes, 146.
Betwixt, 112.
Beyond all use, 118.
Bid, 152.
Bills, 150.
Bird of night, 104.
Bloody, fiery, 106.
— sign of battle, 148.
Boldest, most, 127.
Bondman, 151; bondmen, 148.
Bootless, 126.
Bravery, 148.
Brook'd, 98.
Brought, 103.
Brutus hath a suit, 121.
Brutus', old, statue, 106.
BRUTUS, MARCUS: *his laconic style*, 98; *his oration*, 133; his *political and other mistakes*, 114, 129, 144; *his relations toward Lucius*, 115, 145; *toward Portia*, 115; *his relationship to Lucius Junius Brutus*, 98, 106, 111, 117, 133; *to Cassius*, 94, 111; *his self-consciousness after the murder of Cæsar*, 127; *his unwillingness to take an oath*, 112.
Budge, 142.
Burneth, 110.
Business, 139.
But, 153.
— honours you, 112.
By, 95.

CÆSAR: *assassination of*, 124; *cordiality*, 119; *grandiloquent speech*, 125; *his mantle*, 135; *prodigies before his death*, 104; *refuses the crown*, 101; *his spirit lives on*, 152; *superstition*, 114, 118; *swimming prowess*, 97; *temperance*, 120; *three and thirty wounds*, 149; *triumph*, 93; *vacillation*, 119; *his will*, 135.
Cæsar doth not wrong, 125.
Calpurnia, 94.
— *contrasted with Portia*, 118.
Cancel, 105.
Carrion men, 130.
CASSIUS: *relationship to Brutus*, 94, 111.
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back, 124.
Cast yourself in wonder, 105.
Cato, 152.
—, young, 152.
—'s daughter, 116.
Cautelous, 113.
Censure, 133.
Ceremonies, 118.
—, decked with, 93.
Charactery, 117.
Charm, 116.
Chew upon this, 99.
Chose, 117.
Cicero described by Brutus, 113.
Cinna the Poet, 136.
Circulation of the blood, 116.
Circumlocution, 136, 152, 153.
Citizens, 132.
Clean from the purpose, 104.
Climate, 104.
Climax of the play, 122.
Clock hath stricken three, 114.
Close, 129.
Cobbler, 91.
Cold modesty, 129.
Colossus, 97.
Comes upon a wish, he, 136.
Coming from Sardis, 149.
Common pulpits, 126.
Commoner, 91.
Companion, 143.
Conceit, 129; conceited, 107.
Conceptions only proper to myself, 95.
Condemn'd and noted, 141.
Conditional Sentences, 105, 128, 134; mixed forms, 95, 105.
Conjunctions, double, 126; *omitted*, 97, 126.
Conn'd, 143.
Consorted, 150.
Conspiracy, 111.
Constancy, 120.
Construe, 95.
Content, 141.
Contrive, 120.
Controversy, hearts of, 96.
Corse, 129.
Costly, 130.
Counters, 142.
Covetous, so, to lock, 142.
Coward lips did from their colour fly, 97.
Cross blue lightning, 105.
Cry "Havoc," 130.
Cumber, 130.

DAMN, 139.
Dank, 115.
Dative, ethical, 101, 137.
Dear abide it, 134.
— my lord, 115.
Deceitful jades, 141.
DECIUS BRUTUS, 94, 112; *his treachery*, 114, 118, 119.
Deck'd with ceremonies, 93.
Deep of night has crept upon our talk, 145.
Degrees, base, 110.
Devil, eternal, 98.
Dint, 135.
Dishonour shall be humour, 143.
Distract, 144.
Do you salutation, 140.
Dogs of war, 130.
Doing himself offence, 144.
Doublet, 102.
Doubt not of, 129.
Drachmas, seventy-five, 135.
Durst, 142, 151.

EAST, here lies the, 112.
Elder soldier, not a better, 142.
Elephants, 114.
Emulation, 120.
Enemy comes on, 148.
Entertain, 153.
Envy, 114.
Epicurus and his opinion, 149.
Erebus, 111.
Eternal Devil, 98.
Ethical dative, 101, 137.
Et tu, Brute, 126.
Even, 148.
Even virtue, 113.
Evil, the, that men do lives after them, 134.
Exeunt with Cæsar's body, 131.
Exhalations, 111.

Exigent, 148.
Exorcist, 117.

FACTIOUS, 106.
Fain, 100.
Fall, 130, 150.
— their crests, 140.
Falling sickness, 101.
Fantasy, 137.
Fashion him, 115.
Fast asleep, 115.
Father'd, 116.
Favour, your outward, 96.
Fell, 130.
Fellow, 126.
Ferret and . . . fiery eyes, 100.
Field, the, 153.
Figures, 115.
— *of speech*, 135, 151.
Fire, as the flint bears, 143.
— drives out fire, 128.
—, thus much show of, 99.
Flavius, Marullus and, . . . are put to silence, 102.
Fleering, 106.
Flint, as the, bears fire, 143.
Flood, the great, 97.
— of mutiny, 135.
Fond to think, 125.
Fool, why old men, 105.
Forth, 102.
— of doors, 137.
Fresh and merrily, 115.
Fret, 112.
Funeral, in the order of his, 129.
Funerals, 152.

GAMESOME, 94.
Genius, the, and the mortal instruments, 111.
General, the, 110.
— good, the, 96.
— wrong of Rome, 128.
Ghosts did squeak and squeal, 118.
Glar'd, 104.
Go see the order of the course, 94.
— sit in council, how covert matters, 140.
Grasped thus, 142.
Graves have yawn'd, 118.
Greek to me, 102.
Griefs, 135, 141.
Groan and sweat, 139.

HAD AS LIEF, 96.
— rather, 99, 142.
Hands, 103.
Hart, 129.
Hats, their, are pluck'd about their ears, 111.
"Havoc," cry, 130.
Hazard, all is on, 149.
He comes upon a wish, 136.
Heap, 104.
Hearts of controversy, 96.
Heavy, 116.
Hedge me in, to, 142.
Hell, 102.
Here lies the East, 112.
Hie, 106.
High-sighted tyranny, 112.
Hilts, 151.
His for *its*, 97, 115, 142, 151.
Hold then my sword, 153.
Honour, set, in one eye, 96.
Honourable, 149.
Honourable-dangerous, 106.
Hour's, 120.
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd, 140.
Hurtled, 118.
Husbanded, 116.
Hybla bees, 148.

I DO KNOW you well, 141.
— said an elder soldier, etc., 142.
— 'll tell the news, 152.
— wish your enterprise may thrive, 124.
Ides of March, 94, 111, 123.
Images, 93.
Impatient of my absence, 143.
In art, 144.
— his funeral, 130.
— favour's like, 106.
— . . . into, 96.
— this place ran Cassius' dagger through, 135.
Incertain, 150.
Indifferently, 96.
Infants, your, in your arms, 93.
Infinitive, for gerund, 93, 104, 134, 136, 142.
— *sign omitted*, 91, 94.
Insuppressive, 113.
Intermit, 93.
Is ascended, 132.
— run, 151.
Issue, 131.
It, 150, 152.

JADES, DECEITFUL, 141.
Jigging, 143.
Just, 95.

KERCHIEF, wear a, 117.

Kill him in the shell, 110.
Knave, 145.

Labeo and Flavius, 152.
Labouring day, 91.
Last of all the Romans, 152.
Law of children, 125.
Lean and hungry look, 100.
Legions on the other side, 150.
Lest that, 126.
Lethe, thy, 129.
Lief, had as, 96.
Ligarius, Caius, 119.
Lightning, 105.
Like, 99.
— to their ancestors, 105.
Likes, their, 103.
-ling, termination, 97.
Listen great things, 140.
Look, Lucius, here's the book, 145.
Lover, 120, 132, 133.
Low-crooked court'sies, 125.
Lucilius and Messala stand forth, 149.
— Titinius, 143.
— do you the like, 141.
Lucius and Brutus, 115, 145.
Lupercal, 93, 134.

Mace, 145.
Make forth, 148.
Makes to Cæsar, 124.
Mantle, you all do know this, 135.
March, Ides of, 94, 111, 123.
— is wasted fifteen days, 111.
Mark of favor, 111.
Marr'd . . . with traitors, 135.
Marry, 100.
Mart, 142.
Marullus and Flavius . . . are put to silence, 102.
Masker and a reveller, 149.
Me, for *myself*, 105.
Mechanical, 90.
Meet, 134.
Mender of bad soles, 92.
Methinks, 144.
— there is much reason in his sayings, 134.
Mettle, quick, 103.
Misgiving, my, still falls shrewdly to the purpose, 127.
Mistook, 95.
Mob, the, 136.
Moe, 111, 152.
Monstrous state, unto some, 105.
Mortified, 117.
Most boldest, 127.
Most horrid sights seen by the watch, 118.
— unkindest, 135.
Much forgetful, 145.
Murellus, 90.
Music, he hears no, 100.
Must be let blood, 127.
Mutiny, flood of, 135.
—, to rise and, 135.
My heart doth joy, 153.
Myself, 150.
— have letters, 144.

Napkins, 134.
Nature of an insurrection, 111.
Neat's leather, 92.
Negatives, double, 100, 115.
Nervii, the, 135.
Never come such division, 145.
Nice, 142.
Niggard, 145.
No place will please me so, no mean of death, 128.
— Rome of safety, 130.
None so poor to do him reverence, 134.
Nor . . . nor, 105.
— heaven nor earth have been, 118.
Nothing jealous, 99.
Nouns as adjectives, 93.
— *as verbs*, 96.

O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet, 152.
Oath, not an, 112.
Objects, arts, 139.
O'er-read, 123.
— shot, 134.
— watch'd, 145.
Of for *in*, 114.
Older in practice, 142.
On for *of*, 95.
— for *over*, 151.
O'nights, 100, 120.
Only, misplaced, 95, 98, 152, 153.
Opinions of success, 118.
Orator, I am no, as Brutus is, 135.
Orchard, 109 ; orchards, 136.
Our arms in strength of malice, 128.

Palter, 113.
Part, 153.
Participles, past, 95, 111, 113, 114, 115, 117, 120, 129, 144.
Passion, 130.
Path, 111.
Peevish, 149.
Phantasma, 111.

Pharsalia, 149.
Philippi here, 148, 150.
—, if at, we do face him there, 144.
—, of marching to, 144.
—, plains of, 148.
Physical, 115.
Pindarus stabs him, 151.
Pitch, 94.
Place more void, 121.
Please him come, 127.
Plurals, unusual, of nouns, 95, 97, 150, 151, 152.
Plutus', 143.
Pompey's basis, on, lies along, 127.
— porch, 106.
— theatre, 107.
PORTIA *and Brutus*, 115; *and Calpurnia*, 118; *her voluntary wound*, 116.
Posture of your blows are, 148.
PREPOSITIONS: *odd use of*, 95, 114, 151, 152; *omitted*, 96, 99, 140.
Praetor's chair, 106.
Presently, 124, 144.
Press, 94.
Preterite tense; see under *Verbs*.
Prevent, 150.
Prevention, 112.
Prick'd, 129, 139.
Private griefs, 135.
Profession, sign of your, 91.
Prolepsis, 97.
PRONOUNS, PERSONAL: *case forms*, 105, 126, 128, 133, 143, 153; confused reference, 100, 133; personal and reflexive confused, 105, 144.
— RELATIVE: *antecedent*, 93; antecedent and relative combined, 103, 117, 142, 153; Correlatives, 94, 99, 106, 113, 125, 128; *who* for *which*, 104, 143; *whose*, 97.
Proof, 110.
Proper, 92.
Property, but as a, 139.
Public chair, 133.
—, reasons shall be rendered, 132.
Publius, 119, 126.
Puissant, 124.
Pulpits, common, 126.
Puns, 92, 97, 113, 129, 130.

QUICK mettle, 103.

RABBLEMENT, 100.
Rank, 127.
Rascal, 142.
Rather, had, 99, 142.
Reason to my love is liable, 119.
Red as fire, 134.
Reflexive pronouns; see under *Pronouns*.
Regions, 148.
Relative pronouns; see under *Pronouns*.
Remorse, 110.
Repealing, 126.
Replication, 93.
Resolv'd, 127.
Resting, 126.
Result clause: conjunctions omitted, 93, 125, 134, 142, 145, 152.
Rheumy, 116.
Rhyme, 103, 152.
Riv'd, 103, 143.
Rome, room, 97.
Rout, 96.
Ruby lips, 130.
Ruddy drops that visit my sad heart, 116.
Rumour, 120.
Rushing out of doors, 135.

SARDIS, Coming from, 149.
Saucy, 104, 143.
Scandal, 96.
Scansion, 95, 96, 104, 114, 129, 144, 145.
Schedule, 123.
Search this bosom, 151.
Seem, omitted, 114.
Sennet, 94.
Seventy-five drachmas, 135.
Several, 113.
Setting sun, 151.
Shadow, your, 95.
SHAKSPERE: *fondness for the supernatural*, 90, 103; *introduction to plays*, 90; *and the mob*, 136.
Shall, should, 105, 129, 130, 151.
Sham'st thou, 111.
Shouted, 101.
Sick, 115.
Sign of your profession, 91.
Silver hairs . . . will purchase, 113.
Simile, popular, 134.
Sirrah, 151.
— Claudius, 146.
Sister's son, who is your, 139.
Slaughter, have added, 149.
Slight man, 142.
— unmeritable man, 139.
Smatch, 153.
So to most noble Antony, 120.
Softly, 148.
Soldier, 142.

Soliloquies, 111.
Some notice of the people, how I had mov'd them, 136.
Sooth, 120.
Sort or limitation, 116.
Spake, 117.
Speed, 96.
Spoke, 113.
Spurn at, 110.
Stale, 96; stal'd, 139.
Stare, 146.
State of man, 111.
—, unto some monstrous, 105.
—, untrod, 127.
Statuë, 119, 135.
Stays me at home, 119.
Steads, 150.
Stirr'd, are you, 119.
Stole, 115.
Stoop, Romans, stoop, and let us bathe, 127.
Strain, 149.
Strength of malice, 128.
Stricken, 114
Strings, the, my lord, are false, 146.
Strucken, 120, 129.
Submitting, me, 105.
Success, good, 151.
Sufferance, 112.
Suit to Cæsar, 121.
Superlatives, double; see under *Adjectives*.
Sway of earth, 103.
Swore thee, 151.
Syntax, unusual, 95, 99, 103, 126, 133, 134, 142, 151.

TAG-RAG, 101.
Taper, how ill this, burns, 145.
Temper, 97.
Tending to the great opinion, 103.
Testy, 142.
Thasos, 152.
That "Cæsar," 97.
— craves wary walking, 110.
— day he overcame the Nervii, 135.
— I shall be sorry for, 142.
— Tiber trembled, 93.
— tidings, 143.
The which, 131.
Therefore, 129.
These and these extremities, 110.
— are their reasons, 104.
— many, 139.
This paper, thus seal'd up, 110.
— shall make our purpose necessary, 114.
Thorough, 127.
Thou, 91, 120, 153.
Thunder-stone, 105.
Tiber banks, 93.
Tide in the affairs of men, there is a, 144.
— of times, 130.
Tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance, 119.
To friend, 127.
Toils, 114.
Took, 111.
Toward, 96.
Trade, what, art thou, 91.
— a, which is, a mender of bad soles, 91.
Traitors, 134.
Triumph, to see Cæsar and rejoice in his, 93.
True-fix'd, 126.
'Twere best, 133.

UNBRACED, 105.
Undergo, 106.
Underlings, 97.
Unfirm, 103.
Unicorns may be betray'd with trees, 114.
Unkindest, most, 135.
Unluckily, 137.
Unmeritable man, 139.
Unshak'd of motion, 126.
Unto some monstrous state, 105.
Untrod state, 127.
Upmost, 110.
Upon a wish, he comes, 136.
— the right hand I, 148.
Us ourself, 124.
Use to do, 101.
Uttermost, 115.

VERBS: *adjectives as*, 96; *the auxiliary Be*, 123, 132, 136, 151; *intransitive as transitive*, 119, 140, 151; *nouns as*, 96, 145; *omitted after Will and Shall*, 94, 118, 127, 129, 130, 145; *plural with singular subject*, 141, 148; *preterite tense*, 117, 142, 150, 151, 152; *singular with plural subject*, 106, 107, 124, 133, 142.
VERSE: *melody*, 153; *resemblances between that of Hamlet and of Julius Cæsar*, 109; *scansion*; see under *Scansion*.
Void, a place more, 121.
Vouchsafe, 117.
Vulgar, the, 94.

WAFTURE, 115.
Walk, you ought not, 91.
Walls, her wide, 97.
Warn, 148.
Wear a kerchief, 117.
Weighing, 112.
We'll hear the will, 134.
Wenches, 102.
Went sickly forth, 120.
Were best, 133, 137.
What a fearful night is this, 106.
— mean you, Cæsar, 118.
— need we any spur, 113.
— night is this, 105.
Where, 95.
Wherein, 141.
Whether (monosyllable), 93, 114, 152; (dissyllable), 151.
Which, the, 131.
— of you shall not, 133.
Whiles, 100.
Whilst, 128.
Whit, 113.
Who for *which*, 104, 143; for *whoever*, 106.
Whose, 97.
Why old men fool, 105.
Wind, 139.
Wit, for I have neither, 135.
With: uses of, 96, 97, 105, 125, 135.
— a spot I damn him, 139.
— a thought, 151.
Withholds, 134.
Woe the while, 105.
Wont, 94.
Words before blows, 148.
Worthless, 149.
Writ, 144.

YOND, 100, 151.
You and thou; see under *Thou.*
— are Brutus that speaks, 142.
— — the first that rears your hand, 124.
— ought not walk, 91.
— shall not in your funeral speech blame us, 130.
Your brother Cassius, 111.
— voice shall be as strong, 128.

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